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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1703.

Choice Poetry.

A HOUSEHOLD DIRGE.

"A six year's loss in Paradise,—
And ne'er on Earth the child grew older."—*T. B. Read.*

I've lost my little May at last!
She perished in the spring,
When catkins drooped upon the bank,
And earliest birds to sing.
I had her in a country grave,
A grassy and cool retreat,
A marble slab o'er her head,
And violets at her feet.

I would that she were back again,
In all her childish bloom,
Her joy and hope have followed her,
My heart is in her tomb!
I know that she is gone away,
I know that she is fled,
I see her every where, and yet—
I cannot think her dead!

I wake the children up at dawn,
And say a simple prayer,
And draw them round the morning meal,
But one is wanting there!
I see a little chair kept,
A gentle form it bore,
And Memory fills the vacancy,
As Time will never more!

I sit within my quiet room,
Alone, and write for home,
And ever the little maid sits
Among the window thrones,
And once more sits on her knee beside
My desk in silent play!
And then I rise and seek for her,
But ere she flies away!

I keep my alls pen, and like
To mark the slowest mood
She must be young to do the deed—
It vainly mocks around;
She's gone and God's my dear again,
And pearl or shoulders clay,
I know a child is safe for her,
Never May will come no more!

I wasted away yesterday,
The evening service read,
And lingered for the loving kiss,
To which the hour was dear,
Forgetting she had gone before,
In kindness left and owned,
A memorial short to be read,
And visions at her feet.

Original Novelet.

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
AUTHOR OF "VIOLA," "CLARA MOHLARD," "FORGED WILL," "HEIRESS OF BELLE LOMA," "KATE CLARENDON," "FLORENCE," &c., &c., &c.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BURNING ARROWS.

With the fire negroes dead, and himself sadly wounded, Major Hargrave felt it worth the trouble at this time for him to go forth and ascertain the extent of the damage done to the property of the next deadly blow of his remaining foe. He knew that the negroes would carry the exterior defences of the premises, in spite of anything he could do; but he thought that they would not be able to force their way into the house. It is occasioned, however, a good deal of unpleasant thought and anxiety.

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He started at her words, eagerly looked out: but after standing a few moments, said:

"I see nothing, Gertrude; you are excited, and your fears deceive you."

"No! there! look!"

Hargrave looked behind the object to which Gertrude had twice alluded; and exclaimed, in a tone of despair:

"God save us! the fiends are near—they are shooting burning arrows upon the roof!"

"Then we are lost indeed!" cried Gertrude. "Oh, my father, my father, my father, and perhaps they may not take fire; but still the burning arrows may ignite, and consume us! Oh, what will take the ladder and go out and try to keep them off. I may lose my life—but the risk is nothing to that than remaining here, I am."

"No! no!" exclaimed Gertrude, detaining him with a wild and wailing grief. "you must not go, Edward!"

"Then we may all perish together, Gertrude," he said.

"Let Riley go, he can do all that is required of a man; but you must not allow to be instituted, and Gertrude, hurriedly.

"No no! I must risk mine whom I can not lose!" he said, rapidly. "I will be back quickly."

"But you are needed here—think of your children!"

"God save them!" groaned the Major.

"Edward! Edward! you must not go!" cried Gertrude, in the wildest grief. "I will not let you!"

"Indeed! I thought you did that—I believe I have already told you that I must. I know that he shot the Indian with whom I was contending, and I will go!"

"But did not know that he got out the fire," interrupted the maniac, who, hearing the last remark, had not caught the whole sentence preceded. "Well he did get out the fire. Major Gallop'll tell you how it was made of dry wood too."

"And stood a target to two rifles," said Gertrude, quickly.

"And escaped unharmed you may add," continued the maniac, with a laugh. "The Indians are standing looking around upon the roof, Riley," replied Gertrude, hurriedly. "Go and tell them to keep down, or take the ladder, second, and throw them off."

"For your sake, dearest Gertrude, I would do so," replied Hargrave, pausing the moment; "but the Indians are putting dry wood to green egos, and the smoke will drive them off. Well, I thank God that he has given me such a friend in Riley; he is more than a brother to me."

"Oh! Jacob, will you go?" cried Gertrude, in a wail of fear, as he turned to depart.

"Did you hear me call me, Jacob?" he said Hargrave; and he ran and got the ladder.

"Major," said Riley, as he started on his way to the door, "I seldom take upon myself the responsibility of dictation—of course I don't mean that exactly, but you know what I mean—but you will not go—you shall not go. Give me the ladder!"

"But you will be killed, Jacob!"

"Not necessarily," returned Hargrave, thoughtfully. "The Indians are not all devils, but are men of the European, that we never know when we are safe. Give me the ladder, Riley, and I will risk my enemy, the savage often strikes his deadliest blow."

"But consider, in this case, Edward, how many hours have elapsed since their last attack! Surely, if our foes had designed to renew the bloody contest, they would not have left us so many hours of rest!"

"The last done me follow from the fire, Gertrude," replied Hargrave. "You must bear in mind, that, in every stratagem and attack, the savages were detected and defeated; and that, first and last, they must have lost at least ten of their men, which would naturally make them very cautious. Besides, not one who entered the enclosure returned to tell our numbers to his tribesmen; and from the fact that none who scaled the wall escaped, they cannot be aware of our weakness, and must suppose it to be much stronger than we are. And, furthermore, you must consider that it is now broad day; that our position is on a cleared knoll, and that we can never be unable them to steal up to us unseen; and that it is reasonable for them to conclude, from what has passed, that we have a watch set, so that we cannot be approached unaware."

"And will not those very facts that you have mentioned, be sufficient to deter them from attacking us again at all?" inquired Gertrude.

"I hope so," was the reply; "and I have my doubts. Without knowing our exact force, they must know it is inferior to their own; and a desire to conquer us, and take revenge for their slain, will be likely to keep them from thinking about us, waiting to catch us off our guard."

"Then you really think they have not left the vicinity, Edward?"

"I do not know—I but they have not."

"And if not," groaned Gertrude, with a renewed feeling of despair, "we are certainly lost!"

"We will hope for the best, at all events. Heaven has so far protected us, and we know not what Heaven may have in store for us. Hope is the one great blessing which seldom leaves us till the breath leaves the body; and while we have it, we should not lose much despond; and even when it is lost, as it was in my case a few hours since, you see it sometimes returns. When, after my struggle with the Indian, I sunk down on the earth, I did not think I should ever again see the light; that I should ever be living now; and yet, you perceive, I am not only still alive, but comparatively strong."

"Pardon me, Edward, for not sooner inquiring!" returned Gertrude, anxiously. "but how do you feel now?"

"As one who has taken a new lease of life. Should we not be molested again, I think I shall get along very well. My wounds pain me some—but I am now satisfied that none are mortal, and that all combined will not confine me to my bed. The only thing I now fear is, that the Indians will renew the attack—in which case they will, without doubt, be successful."

"And you think, then, the attack will be renewed, sooner or later, Edward?"

"I cannot say I do not, Gertrude. They may not molest us while day lasts—but I dread the coming night."

"Oh! may God save us!" ejaculated the others.

"Amen!" returned the Major, solemnly. "It is barely possible that, if they leave us alone to-night, sooner may arrive, though the disturbed state of the whole frontier gives me no reason to hope for such an event; and yet hope does not always have success on the side, and so I venture to hope. On further consideration, as I am somewhat recruited after last night's fatigue, I think I will break my bed, and resume my watch outside; for, in doing so, I may be able to see and hear that which you cannot, and so, as I said, I feel I have no right to expect any thing which may add to the safety of those under my protection; and besides, I must try and bury those bodies, ere putrifaction renders them offensive to the senses of the living."

"Oh! Edward, I feel almost afraid to let you venture forth again," said Gertrude, with a shudder; "and yet I may be the best. Are you sure your wounds are not more serious than you have represented?"

"Quite sure, my life trembler," returned Hargrave, with a tactful attempt at a smile.

"Edward according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania."

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Hargrave, with a tactful attempt at a smile.

"But you must not venture again."

"Something passed overhead, that landed on the roof," replied Hargrave. "Come, now, that looks the sentence short, and added, in the next breath: "There see! the same thing!"

Gertrude, who stood looking out of the window, while the Major was speaking, suddenly started, and exclaimed:

"Ha! what is that, Edward?"

"But perhaps I may venture again."

"Something passed overhead, that landed on the roof," replied Hargrave, in a tone of the keenest anxiety. "Come, now, that looks the sentence short, and added, in the next breath: "There see! the same thing!"

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"Ha! what is that, Edward?"

Pictures of Life.

THE ROBBERS OF LE MAUVAIS PAS.

We lounged about in the hotel of Lans-le-bourg during the hot hours of a summer day, while men and horses were taking their rest; and so far as any movements of animate nature were concerned, it might have been midnight. In the evening, however, the world seemed to come alive, and preparations were made for our journey over Mont Cenis. With the additional guides, postilions, and cattle, we formed a respectable cavalcade. The moon shone brightly upon our path, with a light so clear and soft, so silvery and so chastened, that it contrasted most pleasantly with the dazzling, scorching heat of the past day. The atmosphere was as calm as Nature's rest could be; and the purity of the air gave an elasticity and freshness to our spirits that we could scarcely have imagined. Fire-flies sported around us like animated diamonds, and the side of the road was sometimes bespangled with glowworms. Under such circumstances, one feels what is the pleasure of mere animal life, where there is the height of corporeal enjoyment without the aid of any stimulant but that which heaven's pure breath affords. It appeared almost treason against the majesty of nature, to disturb the silence which reigned through her dominions; and when we spoke, it was in a subdued tone. We walked on foot the greater part of the ascent, up three long windings made in the face of the mountain. Then the extra horses were turned adrift, to find their own way back to the stables, and we entered the carriage to gallop down the Piedmontese side of the declivity.

My nearest companion, an elderly Frenchman, who was usually very garrulous, had been on this occasion much absorbed in thought, and had preserved silence for an extraordinary length of time, though the twitchings of his countenance and the shrugs of his shoulders plainly told that he was holding an interesting conversation with his own heart and memory. At length I asked the cause of his musings and frequent ejaculations. "Ah, sir!" said he, "how different are the circumstances of this night from those I experienced thirty years ago, when I traversed this mountain. It was on a wintry day, when the ground was covered with snow, which lay in some places to the depth of forty feet, and filled up many of the ravines, so that we were in constant danger of going over a precipice. The wind blew the snow-drift so fiercely as to blind our eyes, and the guides were frequently at a loss to discover the right track. Six men were obliged to hold up the carriage with ropes fixed to the top, to prevent its being blown over; and the patient horses, poor brutes! often turned their faces from the dreadful storm. We were almost frozen with cold, although we opened our portmanteaus, and put on all our wardrobe. "Heaven defend me from such another journey, and the horrible night that followed in that murderous inn!" Perceiving him to be much excited, I felt the more anxious to know the strange events to which he alluded, and asked what could have tempted him to travel in such dismal weather, and what horrible circumstances had occurred on the way. He then gave me the following narrative:—

I was then young, an officer in the army, in the time when Napoleon carried on his last wars, and all this country was in a very troubled condition. At the period referred to, I was sent with an older officer to bear some dispatches of importance to Italy. He was an Italian, who had once been in the service of Austria, but had been taken prisoner at Marengo, and had joined the army of the Emperor. He was a clever person, in whom much confidence seemed to be placed, but so very wary and suspicious in his disposition, as sometimes to amuse and sometimes to frighten me. He seemed to make every allowance for my youth and seldom checked my ardent spirits, for I was gay and thoughtless; but I was likewise brave and skillful in the use of arms, for which reason, I suppose, the captain took me with him on that journey. These mountains were greatly infested by robbers, chiefly disbanded soldiers of Italy, so that few persons could travel in safety. In a short time we shall pass by a place called Le Mauvais Pas, well known for the murders which have been there committed. A woody marsh lies on the left hand of the road, and the ruins of some buildings destroyed in the war on the right—I shall point them out to you—and amongst these the bandits lurked, and suddenly pounced upon a passer-by, or shot him before he was aware of his danger. A little farther on, where two roads meet, you will see some large houses, which were once inns, and the landlords was in communication with the robbers of Le Mauvais Pas, so that the traveller who escaped from Scylla fell into Charybdis. Well, sir, I have told you about the dreadful weather in which we were obliged to cross Mons Cenis, the passage of which occupied the whole day; and as our orders were peremptory, we pushed forward at all hazards till nearly midnight, when we reached the door of the inn I have mentioned, where we were to pass the night. I suppose we escaped all previous dangers by the lateness of the hour, as no gentlemen were expected to travel on these roads after dark.

Glad we were when we arrived at the hotel; the very thought of a warm fire and hot soup gave me life. We knocked long and loud before the gate was opened, and the carriage passed into the court. The captain told our servant, who was also a soldier, to bring his little portmanteau and a small canteen of provisions into the room where we were to sit; the other baggage was left in the caleche. I saw the landlord narrowly eye the portmanteau, but he said nothing, and hastened to get ready for our entertainment. A small stove was lighted at one end of a large room, the other end of which I could scarcely see; so that it was far from comfortable, but it was not for us to complain after what we had suffered in the cold. A thin candle was placed on a table, a cloth was spread, and some bouillon was soon served up. But the captain could not eat it, and ordered Giuseppe to bring some compote out of the canteen, from which he made a savoury soup. The host then brought us a fricassee; but it also was rejected, and a cold fowl substituted for it. This rather displeased me, and I was beginning to intimate that I should prefer the hot dish, when a scowl of the captain's made me shrink into insignificance, and I let him do as he pleased. As he doggedly refused to eat anything furnished by the landlord, on the plea of a weak stomach, which I had never known him to complain of before, for he was a great gourmand, I guessed that he was afraid of poison, and secretly execrated his suspicious temper, rejoicing that I was not a jealous Italian.

"Have you any other guests here to-night?" asked the captain, appearing to take no notice of the prying curiosity of the landlord, who in vain tried to ascertain who and what we were.

"Only a priest on his way to Turin. Poor man, he has been stopped here for two days by the storm, as he travels on foot."

"And what may be the reverend father's name?" asked my companion.

"Fra Carlo Benevoluto," replied the other.

"Ah! that is a distinguished name. I think I have met with some padres of the name."

"Very likely," said the innkeeper. "There are others of the family in high orders: he had a brother killed at the battle of Marengo, as he went to administer the consolations of religion to some dying soldiers. They are a devout family."

"Ha! is Padre Carlo gone to bed? Perhaps he would do us the honor to drink wine with us."

The host replied, that he had retired to say his prayers and count his rosary, which he did several times a day, holy man! but he might not yet be gone to sleep.

Presently, the padre made his appearance, with an air of meek devotion, crossed himself, and blessed us in the name of the holy Virgin and his patron saint Carlo. The captain gave him one searching glance, so piercing as almost to discompose him; but it passed over, and we entered into friendly conversation. A couple of bottles with facetious talk warmed us thoroughly, and we proposed retiring to rest. The captain was shown into a bed-chamber which he did not at all fancy. We had before conversed about the Italian inns, and he had cautioned me always to lock and barricade the door at night. Now, he was himself put into a room which had three doors besides the one by which we entered from the stair, and none of them could be locked, as the chamber was a perfect thoroughfare. He looked much discomposed, and asked which of the rooms I was to occupy. The landlord apologised for taking me a little way off, as the neighboring beds were already occupied, and it was too late to make alterations. One of the adjoining rooms was taken by the priest; another belonged to himself, and his wife was in bed; and the other door led to a passage and small apartment to which his daughter and maid-servant had gone, giving up their beds to the company. I was then conducted to a room on the other side of the padre's, but had scarcely got into bed, when the captain came in, bringing his little portmanteau and candle. He broke out into a furious invective against the vermin which were in his bed, which would render it impossible for him to sleep there. As this misfortune was no uncommon thing in these countries, it excited in me no surprise save that an old soldier should be daunted by such diminutive enemies. Upon my instantly offering to resign my couch, and try if I could not sleep amongst those Lilliputian marauders, he imperatively declined, and said that he would repose in a chair beside me. He then examined the door, and found that it had no fastening, and as it opened into the padre's chamber, it could not be barricaded on our side. He was terribly disconcerted, and walked about in considerable emotion; then setting the lighted candle on a marble commode near the door, he seated himself near me and beside a table, on which he placed two loaded pistols and a carbine, which he examined and cocked, and laid my sword upon my bed.

A number of curious thoughts passed through my brain, tickled with the idea of a hero of many fights being dislodged from his encampment by a few insects; and my imagination suggested a glowing picture of this wonderful campaign, which would form the subject of an excellent farce. And then his timidity—to be afraid of a lonely landlord, with three women and a holy priest! He would make another Don Quixote fighting with a windmill or a flock of sheep. I so relished the thought and the sight, that I was unwilling to yield to Morpheus, whose magic influence had become heavy; but was beginning to doze, when I thought I heard the creaking of the door, and looking through the curtain, I saw, or dreamed I saw, a faint shadow dimly reflected upon the wall. Turning to the captain, I perceived him eyeing the door, with a pistol grasped in his hand, which he was just raising, when the door quietly closed, and all was silent. About an hour afterwards, the same was repeated, and sleep vanished from my eyes. I dared not speak to the captain, who did not close his eyes for an instant, but kept them fixed with sentinel keenness upon the door, and his hand upon a pistol. He called us early, ordered horses to be put to the carriage, and told Giuseppe to make coffee in the mode he liked it. Giuseppe looked in an inquiring way, caught his eye, and immediately obeyed.

The padre joined us, and very meekly asked permission to occupy a seat in our caleche, which to my surprise was courteously granted, and he was invited to partake of early repast. The captain kept him in earnest conversation, and although he changed his seat once or twice, always managed to rise for something and sit opposite to him, and never to be beyond reach of his pistols. I was confounded, for they seemed to be playing a game at movements.—At length the word was given, "Let us go!" and I was curious to see how the game would now be played, especially as some additional pieces had appeared on the board, in the shape of the landlord's wife, daughter and chambermaid, all big buxom dames, whose tall figures I much admired, but of whom my companion seemed as suspicious as of the holy father. He passed no compliments, and appeared much chagrined. Yet he managed matters most adroitly, his object, as I thought, being to let nobody walk behind us. "Signor, run and tell the postilion to mount the white horse, for the black one sometimes kicks. Signore, please take these cloaks, and spread them on the seats of the carriage. Girl, take the candle. Father Benevoluto, be kind enough to take charge of this bottle of eau-de-vie, and put it into the far pocket of the carriage. Giuseppe, bring this portmanteau. Andiamo!" said he, pushing all of us before him as he followed with his fire-arms. In a trice we were at the carriage-door. "Father, don't get out again; pray be seated.—O signor, pray hold that black horse! Up, Giuseppe, and keep this carbine in your hand, and look about you for robbers. It is a bad road. Ladies, addio! Va!"

We were off before we knew where we were, and the captain urged the postilion forward; but we had not proceeded a quarter of a mile when he called out to stop; and in a hurried tone, addressing Fra Carlo, said: "Pardon me, Father Benevoluto; I have left some papers of importance on my bed—do, pray, go and fetch them; we await your return;" and without stopping for his reply, opened the door and helped him to descend. I was just beginning to offer my own services, when a grinding oath, half emitted, silenced me. "Good father, do be quick; for I can trust nobody with those papers on this vile road but yourself; no thief would rob a priest." It was impossible to refuse, and Fra Carlo set off at greater speed than I had deemed him capable of using. When he was out of sight, my companion ordered the postilion to drive on quickly. He replied that we were to wait for the padre; but the captain thundered out: "Hark you! make no noise with your whip, but spur your horses to a gallop, and keep them galloping till I bid you go slower. The moment you stop or crack your whip, I shall send a bullet through your head. Va!" Off we went, slap-dash; how long I know not, for I was overwhelmed with surprise, afraid that the captain had become deranged, and that I might be the first victim of his violent temper. At length he called out: "Piano! piano!" and we instantly passed through St. Antonia, where we met a military patrol, to whom the captain showed his passport, and said that there were suspicious characters on the road between this and Le Mauvais Pas.—The officer bowed low, and ordered his men to keep a sharp look-out. As we proceeded, he smiled and exclaimed: "Now we are safe, and can take breath a little—thanks to the holy Virgin and all the guardian saints for our deliverance!" I ventured to say, that though some things did look rather suspicious in the inn, yet I could not fix upon anything really villainous, and should not have imagined any harm, unless I had perceived him to be so much on his guard; that I did not much like the landlord, yet the women were handsome, and I was much pleased with Fra Carlo; but the priest and himself seemed to be playing a game at seats and places, and he had certainly checkmated him at last.

"Yes," said he; "it was a game for life. So Carlo Benevoluto has assumed the padre now! methinks he will not long wear the cowl. That man was in my regiment when I was with the Austrians, and he was condemned to death for theft and murder, but escaped through the artifices of his brother, a priest, who was shot at Marengo, as he deserved. He has forgotten me; but I well remember him, and that gash on his forehead, which I gave him when I cut him down, but missed splitting his skull. And you bed—there has been foul play there. You are yet a young dog of war; but I can smell blood anywhere: I instantly smelled it, and traced it to the mattress, which I found all stained with gore. Had I fallen asleep, we should both have slept there our last sleep, as many, I fear, have done before; but we shall hear if Captain Bocci, who passed last week, has arrived safely; if not, they shall all be broken on the wheel. Those handsome women! I will wager a thousand scudi they were men in disguise: I never saw such women in Italy before. In such times as these, young man, you must be always watching, if you value your life and love Mademoiselle Fouchette; and remember that walls have ears and eyes too."

I intimated that I thought so when I saw him pointing a pistol at a shadow twice during the night.

"A shadow! it was the shade of Fra Carlo, and such shadows play with stillettoes: I saw one when his cloak was off, as I passed through his room to come to you. Ghosts do not flinch from a levelled pistol as he did."

At this moment, the Frenchman bade me look, for we were approaching the dreadful spot. There, indeed, stood two ruinous houses, forming a large mass of building, with small grated windows and a high court, all shut up and going to decay. He looked, and shrugged his shoulders, and continued: "The cursed bandits! they met with a deserved fate. The manner of their capture I have heard only by report, for we returned to France by another route. One evening, at dusk, two horsemen rode up to the inn; but when the large gate was opened, one of the beasts became frisky, and refused to enter. This frightened the other, and they capered about, to the great discomfort of the landlord and his people, who could not come into the gateway or shut the door because of their antics. As they were becoming more quiet, a posse of gendarmerie dashed in and took possession of the premises. A search was instituted, and the remains of 200 or 300 human bodies were found in the grounds, besides a great deal of concealed plunder. I need scarcely say that Italian justice did dreadful work with the murderers; and the inn has been shut up ever since. No one will venture into it—it is haunted; but the Mauvais Pas is still a dangerous place for lone travellers." A carbineer at this moment rode up, and asked our party if we had seen any person on the road, for a robbery had been committed a few days ago in that place.

FREAKS OF FASHION.—One of the most beautiful women of Paris has taken a fancy to lie a bed three days every week at five o'clock in the afternoon, in order to receive visits in her bed-room. Often she goes out in the morning to make purchases, is visible to the naked eye here and there on the Boulevards, and in the fashionable shops—then returning home, she undresses, bathes, makes a toilet in which laces play a great part, goes to bed, and then receives! What next!

☞ Young ladies are like an arrow; they can't be got off without a beau. Another reason—When they get into your heart, they can't be got out "till death."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

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ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

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Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office they wish it to be changed *from*, as well as the [illegible] they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters will exert themselves and get up [illegible] or if they do not feel inclined to [illegible] tage of our liberal offers themselves, will show our Prospectus to others [illegible] and responsible persons who will be [illegible] do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our contributors will be the following brilliant array of writers—with all of whom positive arrangements have been made:

Mrs. Southworth, Emerson Bennett, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Denison and Fanny Fern.

We are now publishing, according to promise, the original novelet of

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Written expressly for the Post, by EMERSON BENNETT, author of "Viola," "Clara Moreland," "The Forged Will," &c. Back numbers, containing the opening of the story, will be sent to new subscribers until farther notice.

This novelet we design following by another called

THE STEP MOTHER.

By MRS. MARY A. DENISON, author of "Home Pictures, numerous Domestic Sketches, &c.

We also have the promise of a number of

SKETCHES BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Whose brilliant pen will be almost exclusively employed upon the Post and her own little paper for children.

We have made arrangements also for a series of articles from a new star in the literary horizon,—whose scintillations have been hailed with delight by thousands. They will be entitled a

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES.
BY FANNY FERN.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH, whose fascinating works are being rapidly republished in England, also will maintain her old and pleasant connection with the Post. The next story from her gifted pen will be entitled,

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER:
OR, THE FATAL VOW.

In addition to the above splendid array of Novelets and Sketches—we have made arrangements for the usual supply of Foreign Correspondence from Europe, &c. This will include a series of LETTERS FROM DEMARARA, by MRS. DENISON, descriptive of the manners, customs, scenery, &c., of British Guiana. MR. DENISON, American Consul to British Guiana, also has promised us some letters descriptive of that portion of the South American world.

Engravings, Choice Selections, Agricultural Articles, the News, CONGRESSIONAL REPORTS, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore. And in view of the above attractions, involving a large outlay of money, we feel emboldened in asking a continuance of that warm and hearty support which we have received from our readers in years past. It needs but a proper recommendation of the Post to neighbors and friends, to swell up our list during the coming year, to the grand total of one hundred thousand subscribers. With less than that number we are resolved now not to be satisfied.

CONSTITUTION-MONGERS.—There are certain members of Congress, especially from the Atlantic States—Pennsylvania not excepted—who are never more alive to Constitutional scruples, than when some measure is proposed for the benefit of their own constituents. They can support with enthusiasm the most unconstitutional schemes for the benefit of other states and sections; but the instant anything is proposed for the benefit of the states from which they hail, they fall into the wake of some able gentleman from another section, who suddenly discovers for himself, and for them, that the proposed measure is unconstitutional.

For our part, we are free to say, that the Constitution has become a mere nose of wax, to be twisted in any direction that pleases any powerful interest, which can command for the time a majority. The same men who profess to be the strictest kind of constructionists when some measure is proposed which they do not like, never allow the plainest and clearest provisions of the Constitution to stand between them and their darling objects. For all practical purposes, our Constitution has become like that of Great Britain, a mere matter of majorities. Parliament cannot do an unconstitutional thing—and neither can Congress, when the Executive will back it.

Now, while we have a respect almost approaching veneration, for the statesman who refuses to vote as he would like to vote, simply because the Constitution stands in his way—or, rather, we mean we *would* have a respect for such a statesman, if such an one existed—we have no respect for the Senator or Representative, who is such a mere silly catspaw as to aid in pulling the government chesnuts out of the fire for the benefit of other States, to the exclusion of his own.

For our part, we would rather have no Constitution at all, than one which operates as a bar of iron to honest men, but is not the least hindrance to the reckless and unscrupulous, whose name is Legion.

A FOOLISH AND SHAMEFUL DEED.—The beautiful block of marble sent by the Pope of Rome as a contribution to the Washington Monument, recently was broken into pieces by some midnight depredators, who confined the sentinel in his watch-box, by drawing a rope tightly around it.

When this block was first received, considerable opposition was made to placing it in the monument, and we suppose that some of the viler class of those who made this opposition, have resolved to effect by force what they could not accomplish by argument.

The folly of such a deed is only equalled by its lawlessness. Were the Pope the greatest tyrant on earth, what reasonable American could object to his paying tribute to the republican and liberal character of Washington? This, at least, is a point in which we could all agree with him; and it should lead us to a still higher appreciation, if possible, of the Father of his Country, to think that his virtues were so great that men of all creeds, and of the most diverse political opinions, unite to do him honor.

A HINT FOR AMERICAN LEGISLATORS.—In the Legislature of Jamaica, a number of the members being desirous of preventing the passage of a bill, attempted to leave the Hall, so there should be no quorum left, but they found the door locked.

BAD EFFECTS OF IMPURE GAS.—We know not how pure our Philadelphia Gas is, but the London Commissioners of Sewers tell bad tales about the gas of that city. Dr. Letheby, Professor of Chemistry in the London Hospital, and the Chemical Referee of the City of London, asserts that both the subsoil and the atmosphere of that metropolis are poisoned by the impurities of foul gas. He says of the former:

The gas "contains a quantity of ammonia, which holds in solution a large amount of tar; and that whenever there is a leakage in the streets it comes out. During the last fifty years, where it has got into the public roads, it has rendered the soil near to it so offensive, that you can hardly move the pavement without doing a great deal of harm. What it may be in twenty years hence I cannot say, but I think it will be almost unsafe that you should then disturb the pavements at all." And with respect to the atmosphere, his words are, "I find that some of the companies are supplying gas to this metropolis, which, in the course of a few years, will tend to damage very much the atmosphere and the property in it, for such gas is so highly charged with sulphurets, that I am able to obtain as much as twenty-one grains of oil of vitriol from 100 cubic feet of gas." This getting into the atmosphere is highly destructive to property; "and there is not a library in the metropolis, the books in the upper shelves of which are not crumbling to pieces." The rain and the snow bring it down from the upper regions of the air. It kills the plants of the city, and it forms that dingy cloud which covers the glass of our widows. These are important facts for public consideration, and they suggest the necessity for some supervision of the numberless gas companies in the kingdom. Let us ask what is the total quantity of sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol, which is annually poured forth from the gas-lights of London? Mr. Croll says the yearly consumption of gas amounts to 3,200 millions of cubic feet; and Dr. Letheby says every 100 cubic feet produce 21 grains of concentrated sulphuric acid. From these data we learn, therefore, that the enormous proportion of 670 millions of grains, or 100,000 *pounds, of corrosive vitriolic acid, are annually discharged from this source alone into the atmosphere of London.* And what, let us ask, must be the aggregate amount of mischief done by this one thing alone to both the health and property of its inhabitants? "Happily," says the Editor of the *Times*, "the evil admits of inquiry, and of exact measurement. That inquiry should be made; and there can be no doubt the first result of it will be an immense improvement in the manufacture of gas by every metropolitan company." At the present time, the various gas companies of England furnish no guarantee to the consumer as to the quality or the quantity of the material that is so largely supplied to him. It is laid on to his door, and the company's own meter is fixed in his house to register the quantity. Both the one and the other may be at fault, and yet the consumer has no means of discovering the error. It is high time that Government, or municipal authorities, [illegible] persons to examine [illegible] at stated intervals on [illegible] consumed; for not only [illegible] considerable importance to [illegible] but it is also one of great [illegible] generally. In point of [illegible] are interested in the [illegible] are we also interested [illegible] and honest; and it is [illegible] different gas companies of [illegible] apply science to the [illegible], but will also give [illegible] that the material [illegible] so extensively over [illegible] land will not destroy [illegible] perty, but will be that [illegible] power of becoming—the [illegible] modern science.

[illegible] the above facts and re[illegible] gas companies, is so [illegible] add very little to the sen[illegible] of the Times. If the [illegible] we have very little doubt [illegible] equally, if not more so. And that the American companies will bear watching, is proven by the fact that the price of gas is very seldom reduced, without at least a proportionate increase in the amount *said* to be consumed. If, however, the consumers would keep a little watch upon the pressure, and turn the main stop-cock from one-third to two-thirds off, according as the flow of gas would bear it, they would probably get just as much light, and puzzle the companies a little.

A GREAT RAILROAD CENTRE.—We have received a circular of the Board of Trade, of Indianapolis, Indiana, with an engraving representing the railroads which centre at that place. It looks like a central Sun, with rays streaming from it in all directions. It is on the great central route from the Eastern cities to St. Louis and the Pacific, and *sixteen* different railways and four plank-roads centre there. The Board of Trade give such an inviting picture of its advantages, that, had we a "loose foot," we might be tempted to start off with the next train. They say: "Great inducements for farmers exist in the central parts of the state—fine lands being still obtained at very reasonable prices; while mechanics are much needed, and great numbers can find immediate employment. The streets of Indianapolis are broad, laid out at right angles, and well shaded." Public squares, public buildings, and public schools are also among the inducements. Capitalists can also get, *we suppose*, any amount of interest for their money—even to what is called in the west *one* per cent., if they are inclined to shave beneath the skin, and open an account with his Satanic Majesty. Altogether Indianapolis appears to be one of those cities, expressly designed to "go ahead." In truth the only bad thing we know about the place—and that makes us doubt a little whether its citizens are all their circular represents—is the fact that our subscription list at Indianapolis is not more than one-fourth the size it ought to be.

SECTARIANISM IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—A large meeting was held in this city on Saturday evening last, in opposition to a project now before the Legislature of Pennsylvania, to provide for the distribution of the funds raised by taxation for the support of the Public Schools, amongst such schools as may be under the superintendence of religious denominations.

The meeting voted unanimously, that it "would oppose any and all efforts to infuse into our system of education the spirit of sectarianism."

Approving entirely and warmly of this resolution, we must say that another resolution, commending indirectly the introduction of the Protestant version of the Bible into the Public Schools, seems to us rather inconsistent therewith. While we insist upon it, gentlemen, that the Papal bull shall not gore our ox, let us be equally careful that our ox does not gore—at least on such a free and equal platform as the Common School system should be—the Papal bull. We have a very high veneration for the Protestant version of the Scriptures; but we think the family circle, the Sunday Schools and churches, are far better places than the Common Schools, to instil its pure and holy maxims into the souls of the young.

THE IRISH EXILES.—Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, upon being interrogated recently respecting the rumored pardon of Smith O'Brien, said:—

The matter to which my honorable friend has adverted, has been under the consideration of Her Majesty's Government. The facts appear to be, that some of those who were transported with Mr. Smith O'Brien have thought fit *to break their parole*, and to escape from the place of their destination. Mr. Smith O'Brien, whatever may have been his faults or his guilt, has acted like a gentleman; (cheers,) has not taken advantage of the opportunities of which, had he been less honorably disposed, he might have availed himself; and it is therefore the intention of Her Majesty's Government, to advise the Crown to extend to Mr. Smith O'Brien the means of placing himself in the same situation, by an act of clemency on the part of the Crown, in which those other persons have placed themselves by a violation of the pledges which they had given. (Cheers.)

After the utterance of the above by Lord Palmerston, the Irish exiles in this country doubtless will feel the necessity of making some explanations.

THE DRESS QUESTION SETTLED AT LAST—WAR ARRESTED—MR. BUCHANAN NOT COMING HOME.—The following "highly important" intelligence is extracted from the London Advertiser:—

"It gives us much pleasure to be able to state, that the Queen has most graciously intimated to Mr. Buchanan, the American Ambassador, that it will in future be left to his Excellency to appear at state balls and her Majesty's dinner parties, in whatever costume is most agreeable to himself. The Lord Chamberlain has also made a similar communication to his Excellency, relative to his costume on the opening or closing of the sessions of Parliament.

Mr. Buchanan accordingly presented himself at the Queen's levee, in a plain, citizen's dress—and this momentous question is settled, as we prophesied it would be, (as the N. Y. Herald always says,) without Mr. Buchanan's leaving England in disgust, and without war.

We now have only to say to Mr. Mason, at Paris—"Go thou, and do likewise."

CUBA.—The confiscation of a portion of the cargo of the Black Warrior, at Havana, has naturally created a good deal of excitement among certain parties. The thing, as it stands, seems so unjustifiable, that we think it is only fair to Spain to wait and hear what is to be said on her side of the question. Our readers will remember that once or twice before this, things presented quite a different appearance after we had heard from Cuba the facts of the case. There appears to be a set of adventurers especially desirous of getting into a quarrel with the Cuban authorities, and they would willingly forfeit half a dozen cargoes belonging to other people, if they could make it appear in the United States that a flagrant wrong had been committed upon them.

[illegible]—Our opinion of [illegible] was confirmed, by reading an article [illegible] medical correspondent of the Home [illegible] instructing American ladies how to [illegible] as plump and fresh as some travellers [illegible] while others deny) the English ladies are. [illegible] medical gentleman's receipt for good looks [illegible]:

[illegible] 1. Rise as nearly as possible after [illegible] eat a slice or two of bread or toast, [illegible] cup of tea or coffee—and then take a [illegible] (either trot or canter) of six miles; or if [illegible] not practicable, a walk long enough to [illegible] blood through your veins, but never to [illegible]. It is *all important*, in carrying out [illegible] prescription, to be careful *to light and re[illegible] the flame of life within, before any exer[illegible]*—that is, something must be placed [illegible] stomach—that high-altar of health—that [illegible] thermometer of life may not sink during [illegible] of exercise, but be kept up to the [illegible] healthy action. If this is not done, ex[illegible] an active kind (especially in those of [illegible] organization) will fatigue and de[illegible] and thereby injure the system, instead of [illegible] giving an active impetus to the blood, [illegible] it into every molecule of the body, [illegible] our fair friend back to a hearty [illegible] substantial meal, with an appetite [illegible] enables her to devour a broiled chicken, [illegible] and toast, with a couple of eggs, [illegible] not at the havoc made at the break[illegible]. No. 2. Take, at eleven o'clock, *a [illegible] spoonful of cod-liver oil*, followed by [illegible] of hard-crackers. No. 3. Eat a [illegible] of crackers, and take a walk—not a *saunter*—but a hearty walk of an hour. No. 4. Take, at dinner, *a half-pint of the best English or Scotch pale ale.* (I cannot say too much regarding the valuable properties of this blood-vivifying, strength-giving, health-producing beverage.) After our fair friend has accustomed herself to the daily use of it, she should *increase the quantity to a pint*; but she should never take it at any other time but at dinner, and be careful to touch nothing else of the kind: let all other beverages be eschewed, except water, and a cup or two of tea in the evening, and coffee for breakfast. No. 5. Take a *table-spoonful of cod-liver oil*, followed by a slice of bread, or a couple of crackers, at the hour of retiring, which, as a rule, should be between ten and eleven o'clock. With a little attention to minor matters, and a strict attention to these rules, modified, as they should be, in some cases, by the advice of the family physician, (whom I take it for granted is a man of sense, and above prescribing medicine for every trifle, or ache, or pain,) our dear sisters and friends, our sweethearts and wives, may hope to attain and retain that roundness and freshness which is so desirable, and, I may add, attractive to those who love not angular lines, but prefer the rounded one of grace and beauty.

If we knew a lady friend of ours lived on such a regimen as the above, we should always conceit that she had a smell and look of cod-liver oil and pale ale about her. But what will the Temperance people say to such a prescription? We know that ladies will do almost any thing to improve their looks, but we hope (for the sake of consumptives,) they will not all begin drinking cod-liver oil at once.

THE CONSOLIDATION CELEBRATION.—This was the greatest "fizzle" of the day. It consisted of three parts—a Ball, an Illumination, and a Banquet. The "Committee" are said to have "laid themselves out" on the first, several of them being entirely used up in the operation—and it is our private opinion, that they will continue "used up" for some time to come. The Ball was famous for its crowd, its disorder, and the utter impossibility of half the assembly getting anything to eat or drink; the Illumination for its unilluminated character; and the Banquet for its long speeches, and the presence of a "gentleman" who was caught appropriating—not the "spoonies," who could have been well spared, but—the spoons.

We are sorry to see that some members of the press have found fault with the "Committee," for passing a resolution that the thirty-seven tickets distributed among the press were to be considered single tickets, and not, like all the other tickets, to admit a gentleman and two ladies. So far from being an indignity, we conceive this to be one of the highest compliments the press ever received. The Committee foresaw—like shrewd men—that ladies would soon wish themselves out of such a crowd, and did not wish to subject the female relatives and acquaintances of the members of the press, to such an unenviable situation. For one, we thank them.

During the whole of these Consolidation celebrations, one word probably has been oftener spoken by the public at large, than any other; it is the very significant and expressive term, Humbug! We chronicle them, therefore, as the last "fizzle" of old Philadelphia. We hope they betoken the expiring flash of that miserably contracted spirit, which always did things by halves—whose prodigality was tinctured with avariciousness, whose enterprise was crippled by a halting and misplaced economy, and even whose generosity was so impaired by a native illiberality, as to seem almost equivalent to insult.

THE TOMB OF WINTHROP.—A friend of ours, we believe a native Bostonian, calls attention to the fact that the tomb of Winthrop, the first Governor of the Province of Massachusetts, is in a somewhat neglected condition. It is in the South-West corner of the King's Chapel Burying Ground, Tremont Street, and was originally covered by a monument which bore the inscription, "THIS MARBLE COVERS DUST WORTHY TO BE ENCLOSED IN GOLD." This monument having become defaced, by accident or design, during the Revolution, it was replaced by the stone now standing, which bears simply the names, offices, and dates of birth and death of the mouldering form below. Our correspondent suggests the erection of a Monument, "worthy of the cherished patriot, and creditable to Boston." We have not much faith in *costly* monuments, as our readers know; but if the tomb of Winthrop is, as our correspondent states, "dilapidated by age," we should think it only proper in our Boston friends, to erect a plain and simple memorial of their first Governor, with an appropriate inscription. An expensive monument generally defeats the very end of its erection, by calling the attention of the beholder from the noble and beautiful character of the man in whose honor it was reared, and concentrating it upon the grandeur or elegance of his tombstone.

A writer says—and, as a general rule, he is right—that "to give alms to an unknown beggar in the street, may appear a humane, or, at least, a harmless act. But traced to its consequences in a vagabond mendicant population, preying upon the property and disturbing the peace of the community, it is a flagrant social offence."

Yes, but until some general and comprehensive system is adopted by the State, relative to this matter, who can avoid giving in cases where he thinks the distress real? What we want is a system of official inquiry, with not only poor-houses, but Houses of Industry, attached. Then let the suffering poor be relieved, and the idle and vicious poor be forced to work, receiving in return a maintenance, and no street beggary or road beggary be allowed. A system of this kind would cost the community probably less than the present no-system. For instance, one boy was found by the police not long since, with some ten dollars in dimes and half dimes, said to be the product of one day's begging. When a whining tale can make such wages, what a premium is offered to lazy vice over honest and industrious virtue. The industrious boy says: "See, I have made fifty cents to-day by working." "Pshaw," says the idler, "I have made one dollar, (or ten dollars, as the case may be,) by begging."

JUSTICE TO THE OLD STATES.—We are pleased to see that the House of Representatives has shown at last a disposition to do equal justice to the old States of the Union, in the matter of the public lands. Now that railroad grants to the amount of twenty-two million of acres have been passed for the benefit of our western friends, it is fit that the old thirteen should come in for an equal share of the balance. The amendment of Mr. Kerr, of North Carolina, to the grant of public lands in aid of the Minnesota Railroad, provided that the reserved sections should be sold for the benefit of the old States which had not received grants of public lands for internal improvement. This seems to us a perfectly fair proposition. The old States need money for railroads, which railroads are quite as much for the benefit of the west as of the east. Every railroad made from tide water to the borders of the Great West, adds to the value of property in both the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. What would the western roads be worth without eastern ones to connect with?—Really, the beneficial effects of eastern railroads upon the prosperity of the west, is so apparent, that we think the western members ought to cry out with one accord: "Do justice to the old States, for in aiding them to build new avenues of communication, you are benefiting us."

FOX'S ENIGMA.—A correspondent "M," says of this Enigma, which proved such a puzzle to many of our readers:—

It may not be amiss to say that when first published in this country, many years ago, it was attributed to Dr. Stock, a cotemporary of Fox, and a gentleman of high literary attainment, who came here a political refugee. If it can be obtained I will send you an answer in verse, written by a relative for private circulation, when the Enigma first appeared.

"M" thinks that the word Bedfellow is a better answer to the Enigma, than the Human Race.

☞ In the year 1800, there were four hundred and thirteen Quaker meeting-houses in England. There are now but three hundred and seventeen.

Original Letter.

LETTERS FROM MRS. DENISON.

NUMBER II.

[illegible]

New Publications.

NEW BOOKS.

[illegible]

Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

[illegible]

Miscellaneous.

EPITAPH.

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

POSTSCRIPT.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS. FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 7th, Mr. Everett said that he was absent on Saturday morning when the final vote was taken on the Nebraska Bill. He was severely indisposed at that time, and, as well known, his health had not been good for some time. He was, on that night over fatigued, and was unable to remain till the hour when the vote was taken. There could be no doubt as to how he would have voted, had he been present. He had opposed the bill in Committee—had opposed the test amendment declaring the Missouri Compromise inoperative and void, and had expressed his views in opposition to the bill. There could, therefore, be no doubt but that he would have voted against the bill. He now desired the unanimous consent of the Senate to have his vote recorded against the bill.

Mr. Clayton said he had been desirous to record his vote in favor of the repeal of the 8th section of the Missouri Act—but when heard the Senator from New Hampshire (Mr. Norris) advocating the bill as a triumph over the true non-intervention proposed by his bill of 1848, he determined to vote against the bill. He had remained till a late hour, but was unable to stay till 5 o'clock. He therefore desired to have his name recorded against the passage of the bill.

Mr. Weller said he desired to interpose no obstacle to the request, but he would like to know what had been the general rule in the Senate?

The Chair said that the rule was positive, that no vote could be recorded after the result was announced. It therefore required unanimous consent.

Mr. Dawson said he would not object, but if this precedent was established, the same thing could not be denied hereafter. Hereafter, when it might be necessary to pass a measure, to prolong the session during the night, Senators knowing this, could record their votes next day would prefer to be more comfortable at home than in the Senate, and thus there might not be a quorum present.

Mr. Adams said there were other Senators who were not here, who would like to have the same opportunity.

Mr. Dodge, of Iowa, objected. He objected because of the reasons suggested by the Senator from Georgia. Other Senators who could not attend at that time of taking that vote would come in day after day, and ask the same favor. To allow such things would, on some occasions, lead to a difference in the result.

The request was then withdrawn.

[illegible]

Whole on the State of the Union on the bill granting lands to Minnesota for railroad purposes.

Mr. Cutting gave notice of an amendment proposing that Government shall retain the title to the lands proposed to be granted, and issue Patents therefor, as twenty miles of the road, from time to time, shall be finished. And, on its completion, the title to the lands shall be vested in the territory. He explained the proposition.

Further proceedings took place, when two amendments were made, one striking out the words—"that the grant is made for facilitating the transportation of mails, men, munitions of war, and for other purposes," and the other confining the grant to lands inside the Territory of Minnesota.

Without proceeding further, the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

On the 9th Mr. Dean made an ineffectual attempt to introduce the following:

Resolved, That it be referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, to inquire into the causes of the recent outrages by Spanish authorities, at Havana, on the property and persons of American citizens, and report what legislation by Congress, or what action of the Government is necessary to procure indemnity therefor, and security against their future repetition; and particularly whether our neutrality laws toward Spain ought to be repealed or suspended.

Mr. Kittredge wished to present the remonstrance of 3,050 citizens of New Hampshire against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

This was objected to, as the paper could be presented under the rule.

The House then went into Committee on the Minnesota Land Bill.

Among the amendments made was one offered by Mr. Kerr, that the money arising from the sale of the reserved sections, shall be paid to those states which have received no grants of land for internal improvements, according to their federal representation in Congress.

The Chairman (Mr. Phelps) overruled the amendment as not being germain to the bill under consideration; but his decision was not sustained by the Committee, by a vote of 59 against 84.

Mr. Kerr assigned as a motive for offering the amendment justice to the old states.

Mr. Dean opposed the amendment, as the Democratic party has always held it unconstitutional to distribute the proceeds of the sales of the public lands among the states from the Treasury. The old states were not here asking alms of the General Government—New York asks nothing. He was born in that state, and expects always to live there, and hoped never to see the day when she will come here asking for money. He wanted to reserve the public lands for the actual settler.

Mr. Wheeler said he should like to know who authorized the gentleman to speak for New York. He knew his colleague has the Administration in charge as well as the Kinderhook district, but not the interest of the whole state of New York, which has thirty-two representatives besides himself on this floor, to speak for her. When she needs the patriotic services alone of the gentleman from Kinderhook, he will probably be duly notified to that effect.

After considerable discussion, Mr. Kerr's amendment was agreed to, yeas 87, nays 61.

Mr. Grey offered the amendment giving lands to to the old states for railroad purposes. Ruled out of order.

The Committee then rose, and the bill, as amended, was reported to the House.

Mr. Hamilton moved to lay it on the table. Not carried—yeas 68, nays 101.

Under the operation of the previous question, Mr. Kerr's amendment, paying the money derived from [illegible]

[illegible]

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamship North Star, Capt. Miner, arrived at New York on Saturday, bringing advices from San Francisco to the 16th of Feb., and from Panama to the 1st of March.

The political excitement [illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

Pennsylvania.—The Democratic State Convention renominated Mr. Bigler for Governor on the first ballot. The vote stood—Bigler 128, Thos. S. Bell 5.

Hon. J. S. Black, the present Judge of the Supreme Court, was renominated by acclamation.

The Convention then balloted for a candidate for Canal Commissioner. The first ballot was as follows:—Henry S. Mott, of Pike County, 56; George Scott, of Columbia, 20; scattering, 57. Second ballot—Mott 83; Scott 20; scattering 28. Henry S. Mott was accordingly declared the nominee.

The committee on resolutions was then announced by the Chair, and the Convention took a recess until 6 o'clock, when a series of resolves were reported and adopted. A motion was made to introduce resolutions opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, but it was choked off, and the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

Standing Up to Their Bargain.—The County Court of Monroe County, Mo., has decided that the law of that State prohibiting free colored persons or mulattoes from coming into the State, is unconstitutional, and a violation of the solemn compact entered into by Missouri, in order to be admitted as a State of the American Confederacy.

The Vote in the Senate.—Senators Everett and Clayton, of Del., would have voted against the Nebraska Bill if they had been present, and Mr. Pearce, of Md., for it. Mr. Clayton spoke warmly in favor of the bill, especially as repealing the Missouri Compromise, but gave some reason connected with the speech of Mr. Norris, of N. H., why he would have voted against it.

Massachusetts.—The House of Representatives rejected the bill to repeal the liquor law, by a vote of 190 against 80.

Judge Shaw, of the Supreme Court, has decided that the sections of the Liquor Bill, authorizing the seizure and destruction of liquor, are unconstitutional. This takes the vitality from the bill.

The municipal election in Salem on Tuesday week, resulted in a complete overturn of the established order of things. The "Citizens' ticket," supported by the organization of Native Americans called the "Know Nothings," carried the day. The whole vote for Mayor was 1,828. Asahel Huntington, the regularly nominated candidate, received 484; George L. [illegible]

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots

Of DEXTER & BROTHER, *Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.*

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The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, March 11, 1854.

REMARKS—There has been a moderate amount of business doing during the past week, but on Thursday wharf operations were suspended, in consequence of the rain. Cotton has been in fair request and prices have slightly improved. Breadstuffs were exceedingly dull early in the week, but since the receipt of the Alp's and the Atlantic's advices, prices of all descriptions have been firmer, and there has been more inquiry. Bark is generally held above the views of buyers. Coal has been in good request, and supplies will soon commence coming forward by canal. In Coffee, Sugar and Molasses there has been more activity, and prices are well maintained. Fish are rather higher. In Hides there has been nothing doing, and there is no stock here to operate in. The Iron market is firm, and there is a good demand for future delivery.—Lead is scarce. In Naval Stores and Oils there has been a steady business doing, without change in prices. Provisions have been very quiet. The supplies are increasing. Rice is lower. Salt is dull. Cloverseed has again declined. In Tobacco no change. Wool is quiet. Freights are firmer.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour [illegible]

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ROSS, CAMBLOS & CO., STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

No. 36 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

		Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6's	'56	106½	107	P Township	34	35
"	'68	116½	116¾	Girard	13½	13¾
"	'67	122	122¼	Western	70½	73
"	'68	122	122¼	Manuf&Mech	29	30
"	'65	110¼	—	Bk of Com	69	71
July interest off				Camden N J	85	90
Philada 6s		94½	96	Germantown	63	65
"	5s	93½	94	Trust Bk Co	34	—
"	6sGas	94½	95	Pitt'bg Bk	55½	57
County 5s		94	94½	M & M Pitts	58	60
Penna 5s		100	—	Exchange, Pitts	55	—
"	5s	89½	90	Com, Cin	15	—
Kentucky 6s		106	—	Louis, Ky	110½	111
Tennessee 5s		96½	98	Kentucky Bk	110	111
Illinois 6s		—	—	Northern	114	115
Cincinnati 6s		95½	98	Union, Tenn	89½	90
TexasTNotes		34	40	Plant's, Tenn	89½	90
" Bds 5s		50	—	Vicksburg	14	14½
Schuyl N 6s		80½	81½	Com, Natchez	—	—
Lehigh N 6s		99	99½	N O Gas Lt	120	125
" Int Loan		95	—	Schuyl Nav	26½	27
" Mort 6s		100	100½	" pref'd to	32½	33½
C & D C'l 6s		90½	91	Lehigh Nav	69	70
C & Am R Bds		98	98½	C & Del Cal	100	105
BeaMdw R 6s		96	86½	Morris Cl	16½	16¾
Susquh Cl 6s		70½	71	Penn&OhioCl	30	35
Norrist'n R 6s		96	—	Union Cl	14½	15
Harris R 6s		93½	95	Cam&Am R	150	151
Wil R 6s		91	91½	Penna R	48½	48¾
Read R 6s		85	85½	Bea Mdw R	43	47½
" Mort 6s		86	90	Lycom Val R	15	—
U S Bk Shares		3½	3¾	North Am Cl	—	14
N Amer Bk		146	148	Susquh Cl	12½	13
Penna Bank		124	124½	Norristown R	60½	62
Philadelphia		130½	132	Harrisburg R	55	55½
Far & Mec		75	75½	Reading Road	39½	39¾
Commercial		63	63½	Wilmington R	39½	40
N Liberty		60	—	Minehill R	60	62
Mechanics		32½	32¾	N Liberty Gas	22	25
Southwark		79	—	S W Min Co	—	25
Kensington		70	71	L'g Island RR	16½	16¾

ALMANAC.

March, 1854.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases
18 Saturday,	6 3	5 57	2 52	
19 Sunday,	6 2	5 58	3 45	
20 Monday,	6 0	6 0	4 40	
21 Tuesday,	5 59	6 1	5 40	h. m.
22 Wedn'day,	5 58	6 2	6 41	First 6 1 56

[illegible]

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The number for this week is now ready, and contains among the Music: 1st. "That strain of Music," a Glee arranged from Beethoven; 2d. "Wind! Oh, Wind!" a Glee; 3d. "It is the Saviour's Voice," a Sacred Song; 4th. "I have seen the Wicked in Great Power," a Motett, arranged from Grell. The reading matter is unusually attractive, valuable and entertaining. In short, it is a model number of a model paper, and is alone worth nearly the price of a whole year's subscription. Now is the time to subscribe, as a few complete sets from the commencement of the volume are still on hand. Terms—$1 a year, in advance; six copies for $5. Everybody interested in Music is invited to get up clubs and forward subscriptions. Address,

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mar 18-1t

ANOTHER ADVOCATE FOR THE MAINE LAW.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES!

"MINNIE HERMON, or the Night and its Morning," a most interesting and Thrilling Temperance Tale, by Thurlow W. Brown, the fearless editor of the "Cayuga Chief," and author of "Temperance Tales and Hearth-stone Reveries," [illegible]

ASIATIC FOWLS.—For Sale at Auction prices, a choice lot of Asiatic Fowls, consisting of the Brahma Poutra, Chittagong, Grey Shanghai, and Cochin China varieties, all young fowls, and warranted to be of pure blood, and of the large breeds. Per pair, $10. Two pullets and a cock, $15. Cooped and sent by express, to any part of the United States, promptly, on receipt of the money. The above prices are extremely low, the ordinary charge for the same birds being $20 to $30 per pair.

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Reference—P. T. Barnum, Esq., President of the National Poultry Society. mh18-4t

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GREEN LUMBER can be Kiln Dried in 24 hours by Bulkley's Patent plan by Superheated Steam. Cost of Kiln $20. Also 50 to 500 bbls of Meal or Flour per day. Cost of Kiln from $150 up—varying with size. No danger of Scorching. Single Rights or Territory sold low. Circulars sent gratis on application to Patentee, H. G. BULKLEY, Kalamazoo, Michigan. 3t*

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[illegible] cured by

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S

CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS,

PREPARED BY

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These Bitters are worthy the attention of invalids. Possessing great virtues in the rectification of diseases of the liver and lesser glands, exercising the most searching power in weakness and affections of the digestive organs, they are withal safe, certain, and pleasant.

MORE HOME TESTIMONY.

PHILADELPHIA, March 1, 1853.

Dr. C. M. Jackson—Dear Sir:—For the past two years I have been severely afflicted with Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia and Piles, suffering constantly the pains and inconveniences attendant upon such complaints; without energy, being scarcely able to attend to any business, I used a great deal of medicine, without any apparent change, until I used your "Hoofland's German Bitters." They have entirely cured me. I am now entirely free from pain and ache of any kind, and feel like a new man, in every respect, and unhesitatingly recommend your Bitters to all invalids.

Yours, respectfully,
John R. Cory, No. 13 Lagrange Place.

PHILADELPHIA, January 13, 1853.

Dr. C. M. Jackson—Dear Sir:—I have used your "Hoofland's German Bitters" in my family for the last four years, for Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, and am pleased to acknowledge that we have received the greatest benefit from its use. I have recommended it to a great many afflicted with similar diseases, with the same good result.

I have no hesitation in saying that it is an invaluable medicine, and hope you will be able to introduce it into every family in the Union. Yours, truly,

Wm. Hughes, 171 Wood Street.

These Bitters are entirely vegetable, thereby possessing great advantages over most of the preparations recommended for similar diseases. They possess great power in the removal of diseases of the Liver and lesser glands, exercising the most potent influence in weakness of the nerves and digestive organs. They are withal safe, certain and pleasant.

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Pictures of Life.

THE ROBBERS OF LE MAUVAIS PAS.

We lounged about in the hotel of Lans-le-bourg during the hot hours of a summer day, whilst men and horses were taking their rest; and so far as any movements of animate nature were concerned, it might have been midnight. In the evening, however, the world seemed to come alive, and preparations were made for our journey over Mons Cenis. With the additional guides, postilions, and cattle, we formed a respectable cavalcade. The moon shone brightly upon our path, with a light so clear and soft, so silvery and so chastened, that it contrasted most pleasantly with the dazzling, scorching heat of the past day. The atmosphere was as calm as Nature's rest could be; and the purity of the air gave an elasticity and freshness to our spirits that we could scarcely have imagined. Fire-flies sported around us like animated diamonds, and the side of the road was sometimes bespangled with glowworms. Under such circumstances, one feels what is the pleasure of mere animal life, where there is the height of corporeal enjoyment without the aid of any stimulant but that which heaven's pure breath affords. It appeared almost treason against the majesty of nature, to disturb the silence which reigned through her dominions; and when we spoke, it was in a subdued tone. We walked on foot the greater part of the ascent, up three long windings made in the face of the mountain. Then the extra horses were turned adrift, to find their own way back to the stables, and we entered the carriage to gallop down the Piedmontese side of the declivity.

My nearest companion, an elderly Frenchman, who was usually very garrulous, had been on this occasion much absorbed in thought, and had preserved silence for an extraordinary length of time, though the twitchings of his countenance and the shrugs of his shoulders plainly told that he was holding an interesting conversation with his own heart and memory. At length I asked the cause of his musings and frequent ejaculations. "Ah, sir!" said he, "how different are the circumstances of this night from those I experienced thirty years ago, when I traversed this mountain. It was on a wintry day, when the ground was covered with snow, which lay in some places to the depth of forty feet, and filled up many of the ravines, so that we were in constant danger of going over a precipice. The wind blew the snow-drift so fiercely as to blind our eyes, and the guides were frequently at a loss to discover the right track. Six men were obliged to hold up the carriage with ropes fixed to the top, to prevent its being blown over; and the patient horses, poor brutes! often turned their faces from the dreadful storm. We were almost frozen with cold, although we opened our portmanteaus, and put on all our wardrobe. Heaven defend me from such another journey, and the horrible night that followed in that murderous inn!" Perceiving him to be much excited, I felt the more anxious to know the strange events to which he alluded, and asked what could have tempted him to travel in such dismal weather, and what horrible circumstances had occurred on the way. He then gave me the following narrative:—

I was then young, an officer in the army, in the time when Napoleon carried on his last wars, and all this country was in a very troubled condition. At the period referred to, I was sent with an older officer to bear some dispatches of importance to Italy. He was an Italian, who had once been in the service of Austria, but had been taken prisoner at Marengo, and had joined the army of the Emperor. He was a clever person, in whom much confidence seemed to be placed, but so very wary and suspicious in his disposition, as sometimes to amuse and sometimes to frighten me. He seemed to make every allowance for my youth and seldom checked my ardent spirits, for I was gay and thoughtless; but I was likewise brave and skillful in the use of arms, for which reason, I suppose, the captain took me with him on that journey. These mountains were greatly infested by robbers, chiefly disbanded soldiers of Italy, so that few persons could travel in safety. In a short time we shall pass by a place called Le Mauvais Pas, well known for the murders which have been there committed. A woody marsh lies on the left hand of the road, and the ruins of some buildings destroyed in the war on the right—I shall point them out to you—and amongst these the bandits lurked, and suddenly pounced upon a passer-by, or shot him before he was aware of his danger. A little further on, where two roads meet, you will see some large houses, which were once inns, and the landlords was in communication with the robbers of Le Mauvais Pas, so that the traveller who escaped from Scylla fell into Charybdis. Well, sir, I have told you about the dreadful weather in which we were obliged to cross Mons Cenis, the passage of which occupied the whole day; and as our orders were peremptory, we pushed forward at all hazards till nearly midnight, when we reached the door of the inn I have mentioned, where we were to pass the night. I suppose we escaped all previous dangers by the lateness of the hour, as no gentlemen were expected to travel on these roads after dark.

Glad we were when we arrived at the hotel: the very thought of a warm fire and hot soup gave me life. We knocked long and loud before the gate was opened, and the carriage passed into the court. The captain told our servant, who was also a soldier, to bring his little portmanteau and a small canteen of provisions into the room where we were to sit; the other baggage was left in the caleche. I saw the landlord narrowly eye the portmanteau, but he said nothing, and hastened to get ready for our entertainment. A small stove was lighted at one end of a large room, the other end of which I could scarcely see; so that it was far from comfortable, but it was not for us to complain after what we had suffered in the cold. A thin candle was placed on a table, a cloth was spread, and some bouillon was soon served up. But the captain could not eat it, and ordered Giuseppe to bring some compote out of the canteen, from which he made a savoury soup. The host then brought us a fricassee; but it also was rejected, and a cold fowl substituted for it. This rather displeased me, and I was beginning to intimate that I should prefer the hot dish, when a scowl of the captain's made me shrink into insignificance, and I let him do as he pleased. As he doggedly refused to eat anything furnished by the landlord, on the plea of a weak stomach, which I had never known him to complain of before, for he was a great gourmand, I guessed that he was afraid of poison, and secretly execrated his suspicious temper, rejoicing that I was not a jealous Italian.

"Have you any other guests here to-night?" asked the captain, appearing to take no notice of the prying curiosity of the landlord, who in vain tried to ascertain who and what we were.

"Only a priest on his way to Turin. Poor man, he has been stopped here for two days by the storm, as he travels on foot."

"And what may be the reverend father's name?" asked my companion.

"Fra Carlo Benevoluto," replied the other.

"Ah! that is a distinguished name. I think I have met with some padres of the name."

"Very likely," said the innkeeper. "There are others of the family in high orders: he had a brother killed at the battle of Marengo, as he went to administer the consolations of religion to some dying soldiers. They are a devout family."

"Ha! is Padre Carlo gone to bed? Perhaps he would do us the honor to drink wine with us."

The host replied, that he had retired to say his prayers and count his rosary, which he did several times a day, holy man! but he might not yet be gone to sleep.

Presently, the padre made his appearance, with an air of meek devotion, crossed himself, and blessed us in the name of the holy Virgin and his patron saint Carlo. The captain gave him one searching glance, so piercing as almost to discompose him; but it passed over, and we entered into friendly conversation. A couple of bottles with facetious talk warmed us thoroughly, and we proposed retiring to rest. The captain was shown into a bed-chamber which he did not at all fancy. We had before conversed about the Italian inns, and he had cautioned me always to lock and barricade the door at night. Now, he was himself put into a room which had three doors besides the one by which we entered from the stair, and none of them could be locked, as the chamber was a perfect thoroughfare. He looked much discomposed, and asked which of the rooms I was to occupy. The landlord apologised for taking me a little way off, as the neighboring beds were already occupied, and it was too late to make alterations. One of the adjoining rooms was taken by the priest; another belonged to himself, and his wife was in bed; and the other door led to a passage and small apartment to which his daughter and maid-servant had gone, giving up their beds to the company. I was then conducted to a room on the other side of the padre's, but had scarcely got into bed, when the captain came in, bringing his little portmanteau and candle. He broke out into a furious invective against the vermin which were in his bed, which would render it impossible for him to sleep there. As this misfortune was no uncommon thing in these countries, it excited in me no surprise save that an old soldier should be daunted by such diminutive enemies. Upon my instantly offering to resign my couch, and try if I could not sleep amongst those Lilliputian marauders, he imperatively declined, and said that he would repose in a chair beside me. He then examined the door, and found that it had no fastening, and as it opened into the padre's chamber, it could not be barricaded on our side. He was terribly disconcerted, and walked about in considerable emotion; then setting the lighted candle on a marble commode near the door, he seated himself near me and beside a table, on which he placed two loaded pistols and a carbine, which he examined and cocked, and laid my sword upon my bed.

A number of curious thoughts passed through my brain, tickled with the idea of a hero of many fights being dislodged from his encampment by a few insects; and my imagination suggested a glowing picture of this wonderful campaign, which would form the subject of an excellent farce. And then his timidity—to be afraid of a lonely landlord, with three women and a holy priest! He would make another Don Quixote fighting with a windmill or a flock of sheep. I so relished the thought and the sight, that I was unwilling to yield to Morpheus, whose magic influence had become heavy; but was beginning to doze, when I thought I heard the creaking of the door, and looking through the curtain, I saw, or dreamed I saw, a faint shadow dimly reflected upon the wall. Turning to the captain, I perceived him eyeing the door, with a pistol grasped in his hand, which he was just raising, when the door quietly closed, and all was silent. About an hour afterwards, the same was repeated, and sleep vanished from my eyes. I dared not speak to the captain, who did not close his eyes for an instant, but kept them fixed with sentinel keenness upon the door, and his hand upon a pistol. He called us early, ordered horses to be put to the carriage, and told Giuseppe to make coffee in the mode he liked it. Giuseppe looked in an inquiring way, caught his eye, and immediately obeyed.

The padre joined us, and very meekly asked permission to occupy a seat in our caleche, which to my surprise was courteously granted, and he was invited to partake of early repast. The captain kept him in earnest conversation, and although he changed his seat once or twice, always managed to rise for something and sit opposite to him, and never to be beyond reach of his pistols. I was confounded, for they seemed to be playing a game at movements.—At length the word was given, "Let us go!" and I was curious to see how the game would now be played, especially as some additional pieces had appeared on the board, in the shape of the landlord's wife, daughter and chambermaid, all big buxom dames, whose tall figures I much admired, but of whom my companion seemed as suspicious as of the holy father. He passed no compliments, and appeared much chagrined. Yet he managed matters most adroitly, his object, as I thought, being to let nobody walk behind us. "Signor, run and tell the postilion to mount the white horse, for the black one sometimes kicks. Signore, please take these cloaks, and spread them on the seats of the carriage. Girl, take the candle. Father Benevoluto, be kind enough to take charge of this bottle of eau-de-vie, and put it into the far pocket of the carriage. Giuseppe, bring this portmanteau. Andiamo!" said he, pushing all of us before him as he followed with his firearms. In a trice we were at the carriage-door. "Father, don't get out again; pray be seated.—O signor, pray hold that black horse! Up, Giuseppe, and keep this carbine in your hand, and look about you for robbers. It is a bad road. Ladies, addio! Va!"

We were off before we knew where we were, and the captain urged the postilion forward; but we had not proceeded a quarter of a mile when he called out to stop; and in a hurried tone, addressing Fra Carlo, said: "Pardon me, Father Benevoluto; I have left some papers of importance on my bed—do, pray, go and fetch them; we await your return;" and without stopping for his reply, opened the door and helped him to descend. I was just beginning to offer my own services, when a grinding oath, half emitted, silenced me. "Good father, do be quick; for I can trust nobody with those papers on this vile road but yourself; no thief would rob a priest." It was impossible to refuse, and Fra Carlo set off at greater speed than I had deemed him capable of using. When he was out of sight, my companion ordered the postilion to drive on quickly. He replied that we were to wait for the padre; but the captain thundered out: "Hark you! make no noise with your whip, but spur your horses to a gallop, and keep them galloping till I bid you go slower. The moment you stop or crack your whip, I shall send a bullet through your head. Va!" Off we went, slap-dash; how long I know not, for I was overwhelmed with surprise, afraid that the captain had become deranged, and that I might be the first victim of his violent temper. At length he called out: "Piano! piano!" and we instantly passed through St. Antonio, where we met a military patrol, to whom the captain showed his passport, and said that there were suspicious characters on the road between this and Le Mauvais Pas.—The officer bowed low, and ordered his men to keep a sharp look-out. As we proceeded, he smiled and exclaimed: "Now we are safe, and can take breath a little—thanks to the holy Virgin and all the guardian saints for our deliverance!" I ventured to say, that though some things did look rather suspicious in the inn, yet I could not fix upon anything really villainous, and should not have imagined any harm, unless I had perceived him to be so much on his guard; that I did not much like the landlord, yet the women were handsome, and I was much pleased with Fra Carlo; but the priest and himself seemed to be playing a game at seats and places, and he had certainly checkmated him at last.

"Yes," said he; "it was a game for life. So Carlo Benevoluto has assumed the padre now! methinks he will not long wear the cowl. That man was in my regiment when I was with the Austrians, and he was condemned to death for theft and murder, but escaped through the artifices of his brother, a priest, who was shot at Marengo, as he deserved. He has forgotten me; but I well remember him, and that gash on his forehead, which I gave him when I cut him down, but missed splitting his skull. And yon bed—there has been foul play there. You are yet a young dog of war, but I can smell blood anywhere: I instantly smelled it, and traced it to the mattress, which I found all stained with gore. Had I fallen asleep, we should both have slept there our last sleep, as many, I fear, have done before; but we shall hear if Captain Bocci, who passed last week, has arrived safely; if not, they shall all be broken on the wheel. Those handsome women! I will wager a thousand scudi they were men in disguise: I never saw such women in Italy before. In such times as these, young man, you must be always watching, if you value your life and love Mademoiselle Fouchette; and remember that walls have ears and eyes too."

I intimated that I thought so when I saw him pointing a pistol at a shadow twice during the night.

"A shadow! it was the shade of Fra Carlo, and such shadows play with stillettoes: I saw one when his cloak was off, as I passed through his room to come to you. Ghosts do not flinch from a levelled pistol as he did."

At this moment, the Frenchman bade me look, for we were approaching the dreadful spot. There, indeed, stood two ruinous houses, forming a large mass of building, with small grated windows and a high court, all shut up and going to decay. He looked, and shrugged his shoulders, and continued: "The cursed bandits! they met with a deserved fate. The manner of their capture I have heard only by report, for we returned to France by another route. One evening, at dusk, two horsemen rode up to the inn; but when the large gate was opened, one of the beasts became frisky, and refused to enter. This frightened the other, and they capered about, to the great discomfort of the landlord and his people, who could not come into the gateway or shut the door because of their antics. As they were becoming more quiet, a posse of gendarmerie dashed in and took possession of the premises. A search was instituted, and the remains of 200 or 300 human bodies were found in the grounds, besides a great deal of concealed plunder. I need scarcely say that Italian justice did dreadful work with the murderers; and the inn has been shut up ever since. No one will venture into it—it is haunted; but the Mauvais Pas is still a dangerous place for lone travellers." A carbiner at this moment rode up, and asked our party if we had seen any person on the road, for a robbery had been committed a few days ago in that place.

Freaks of Fashion.—One of the most beautiful women of Paris has taken a fancy to lie a bed three days every week at five o'clock in the afternoon, in order to receive visits in her bedroom. Often she goes out in the morning to make purchases, is visible to the naked eye here and there on the Boulevards, and in the fashionable shops—then returning home, she undresses, bathes, makes a toilet in which laces play a great part, goes to bed, and then receives! What next!

☞ Young ladies are like an arrow; they can't be got off without a beau. Another reason—When they get into your heart, they can't be got out "till death."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:—

4 Copies, - - - - -	$5,00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$10,00 "
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$15,00 "
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	$20,00 "

Additions to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post-Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A New Arrangement.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to other influential and responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Our contributors will be the following brilliant array of writers—with all of whom positive arrangements have been made:

Mrs. Southworth, Emerson Bennett, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Denison and Fanny Fern.

We are now publishing, according to promise, the original novelet of

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

Written expressly for the Post, by Emerson Bennett, author of "Viola," "Clara Moreland," "The Forged Will," &c. Back numbers, containing the opening of the story, will be sent to new subscribers until farther notice.

This novelet we design following by another called

THE STEP MOTHER.

By Mrs. Mary A. Denison, author of "Home Pictures, numerous Domestic Sketches, &c.

We also have the promise of a number of

SKETCHES BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Whose brilliant pen will be almost exclusively employed upon the Post and her own little paper for children.

We have made arrangements also for a series of articles from a new star in the literary horizon,—whose scintillations have been hailed with delight by thousands. They will be entitled a

NEW SERIES OF SKETCHES.
BY FANNY FERN.

Mrs. Southworth, whose fascinating works are being rapidly republished in England, also will maintain her old and pleasant connection with the Post. The next story from her gifted pen will be entitled,

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER:
OR, THE FATAL VOW.

In addition to the above splendid array of Novelets and Sketches—we have made arrangements for the usual supply of Foreign Correspondence from Europe, &c. This will include a series of LETTERS FROM DEMARARA, by MRS. DENISON, descriptive of the manners, customs, scenery, &c., of British Guiana. Mr. Denison, American Consul to British Guiana, also has promised us some letters descriptive of that portion of the South American world.

Engravings, Choice Selections, Agricultural Articles, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore. And in view of the above attractions, involving a large outlay of money, we feel emboldened in asking a continuance of that warm and hearty support which we have received from our readers in years past. It needs but a proper recommendation of the Post to neighbors and friends, to swell up our list during the coming year, to the grand total of one hundred thousand subscribers. With less than that number we are resolved now not to be satisfied.

Constitution-Mongers.—There are certain members of Congress, especially from the Atlantic States—Pennsylvania not excepted—who are never more alive to Constitutional scruples, than when some measure is proposed for the benefit of their own constituents. They can support with enthusiasm the most unconstitutional schemes for the benefit of other states and sections; but the instant anything is proposed for the benefit of the states from which they hail, they fall into the wake of some able gentleman from another section, who suddenly discovers for himself, and for them, that the proposed measure is unconstitutional.

For our part, we are free to say, that the Constitution has become a mere nose of wax, to be twisted in any direction that pleases any powerful interest, which can command for the time a majority. The same men who profess to be the strictest kind of constructionists when some measure is proposed which they do not like, never allow the plainest and clearest provisions of the Constitution to stand between them and their darling objects. For all practical purposes, our Constitution has become like that of Great Britain, a mere matter of majorities. Parliament cannot do an unconstitutional thing—and neither can Congress, when the Executive will back it.

Now, while we have a respect almost approaching veneration, for the statesman who refuses to vote as he would like to vote, simply because the Constitution stands in his way—or, rather, we mean we *would* have a respect for such a statesman, if such an one existed—we have no respect for the Senator or Representative, who is such a mere silly catspaw as to aid in pulling the government chesnuts out of the fire for the benefit of other States, to the exclusion of his own.

For our part, we would rather have no Constitution at all, than one which operates as a bar of iron to honest men, but is not the least hindrance to the reckless and unscrupulous, whose name is Legion.

A Foolish and Shameful Deed.—The beautiful block of marble sent by the Pope of Rome as a contribution to the Washington Monument, recently was broken into pieces by some midnight depredators, who confined the sentinel in his watch-box, by drawing a rope tightly around it.

When this block was first received, considerable opposition was made to placing it in the monument, and we suppose that some of the viler class of those who made this opposition, have resolved to effect by force what they could not accomplish by argument.

The folly of such a deed is only equalled by its lawlessness. Were the Pope the greatest tyrant on earth, what reasonable American could object to his paying tribute to the republican and liberal character of Washington? This, at least, is a point in which we could all agree with him; and it should lead us to a still higher appreciation, if possible, of the Father of his Country, to think that his virtues were so great that men of all creeds, and of the most diverse political opinions, unite to do him honor.

A Hint for American Legislators.—In the Legislature of Jamaica, a number of the members being desirous of preventing the passage of a bill, attempted to leave the Hall, so there should be no quorum left, but they found the door locked.

Bad Effects of Impure Gas.—We know not how pure our Philadelphia Gas is, but the London Commissioners of Sewers tell bad tales about the gas of that city. Dr. Letheby, Professor of Chemistry in the London Hospital, and the Chemical Referee of the City of London, asserts that both the subsoil and the atmosphere of that metropolis are poisoned by the impurities of foul gas. He says of the former:

The gas "contains a quantity of ammonia, which holds in solution a large amount of tar; and that whenever there is a leakage in the streets it comes out. During the last fifty years, where it has got into the public roads, it has rendered the soil near to it so offensive, that you can hardly move the pavement without doing a great deal of harm. What it may be in twenty years hence I cannot say, but I think it will be almost unsafe that you should then disturb the pavements at all." And with respect to the atmosphere, his words are, "I find that some of the companies are supplying gas to this metropolis, which, in the course of a few years, will tend to damage very much the atmosphere and the property in it, for such gas is so highly charged with sulphurets, that I am able to obtain as much as twenty-one grains of oil of vitriol from 100 cubic feet of gas." This getting into the atmosphere is highly destructive to property; "and there is not a library in the metropolis, the books in the upper shelves of which are not crumbling to pieces." The rain and the snow bring it down from the upper regions of the air. It kills the plants of the city, and it forms that dingy cloud which covers the glass of our widows. These are important facts for public consideration, and they suggest the necessity for some supervision of the numberless gas companies in the kingdom. Let us ask what is the total quantity of sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol, which is annually poured forth from the gas-lights of London? Mr. Croll says the yearly consumption of gas amounts to 3,200 millions of cubic feet; and Dr. Letheby says every 100 cubic feet produce 21 grains of concentrated sulphuric acid. From these data we learn, therefore, that the enormous proportion of 670 millions of grains, or 100,000 pounds, of *corrosive vitriolic acid, are annually discharged from this source alone into the atmosphere of London.* And what, let us ask, must be the aggregate amount of mischief done by this one thing alone to both the health and property of its inhabitants? "Happily," says the Editor of the *Times*, "the evil admits of inquiry, and of exact measurement. That inquiry should be made; and there can be no doubt the first result of it will be an immense improvement in the manufacture of gas by every metropolitan company." At the present time, the various gas companies of England furnish no guarantee to the consumer as to the quality or the quantity of the material that is so largely supplied to him. It is laid on to his door, and the company's own meter is fixed in his house to register the quantity. Both the one and the other may be at fault, and yet the consumer has no means of discovering the error. It is high time that Government, or municipal authorities, should appoint competent persons to examine this matter, and to report at stated intervals on the quality of the gas consumed; for not only is this a subject of considerable importance to the consumer himself, but it is also one of great moment to the public generally. In point of fact, just as largely as we are interested in the supply of gas, so largely are we also interested in the supply being pure and honest; and it is to be hoped that the different gas companies of this country will not only apply science to the perfection of their processes, but will also give the public some guarantee that the material which they are distributing so extensively over the whole face of the land will not destroy health or damage property, but will be that which it has really the power of becoming—the most valuable boon of modern science.

The application of the above facts and remarks to our own gas and gas companies, is so apparent, that we need add very little to the sensible recommendations of the Times. If the London gas is impure, we have very little doubt that the American is equally, if not more so. And that the American companies will bear watching, is proven by the fact that the price of gas is very seldom reduced, without at least a proportionate increase in the amount *said* to be consumed. If, however, the consumers would keep a little watch upon the pressure, and turn the main stop-cock from one-third to two-thirds off, according as the flow of gas would bear it, they would probably get just as much light, and puzzle the companies a little.

A Great Railroad Centre.—We have received a circular of the Board of Trade, of Indianapolis, Indiana, with an engraving representing the railroads which centre at that place. It looks like a central Sun, with rays streaming from it in all directions. It is on the great central route from the Eastern cities to St. Louis and the Pacific, and *sixteen* different railways and four plank-roads centre there. The Board of Trade give such an inviting picture of its advantages, that, had we a "loose foot," we might be tempted to start off with the next train. They say: "Great inducements for farmers exist in the central parts of the state—fine lands being still obtained at very reasonable prices; while mechanics are much needed, and great numbers can find immediate employment. The streets of Indianapolis are broad, laid out at right angles, and well shaded." Public squares, public buildings, and public schools are also among the inducements. Capitalists can also get, *we suppose*, any amount of interest for their money—even to what is called in the west *one* per cent., if they are inclined to shave beneath the skin, and open an account with his Satanic Majesty. Altogether Indianapolis appears to be one of those cities, expressly designed to "go ahead." In truth the only bad thing we know about the place—and that makes us doubt a little whether its citizens are all their circular represents—is the fact that our subscription list at Indianapolis is not more than one-fourth the size it ought to be.

Sectarianism in the Public Schools.—A large meeting was held in this city on Saturday evening last, in opposition to a project now before the Legislature of Pennsylvania, to provide for the distribution of the funds raised by taxation for the support of the Public Schools, amongst such schools as may be under the superintendence of religious denominations.

The meeting voted unanimously, that it "would oppose any and all efforts to infuse into our system of education the spirit of sectarianism."

Approving entirely and warmly of this resolution, we must say that another resolution, commending indirectly the introduction of the Protestant version of the Bible into the Public Schools, seems to us rather inconsistent therewith. While we insist upon it, gentlemen, that the Papal bull shall not gore our ox, let us be equally careful that our ox does not gore—at least on such a free and equal platform as the Common School system should be—the Papal bull. We have a very high veneration for the Protestant version of the Scriptures; but we think the family circle, the Sunday Schools and churches, are far better places than the Common Schools, to instil its pure and holy maxims into the souls of the young.

The Irish Exiles.—Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, upon being interrogated recently respecting the rumored pardon of Smith O'Brien, said:—

The matter to which my honorable friend has adverted, has been under the consideration of Her Majesty's Government. The facts appear to be, that some of those who were transported with Mr. Smith O'Brien have thought fit *to break their parole*, and to escape from the place of their destination. Mr. Smith O'Brien, whatever may have been his faults or his guilt, has acted like a gentleman; (cheers,) has not taken advantage of the opportunities of which, had he been less honorably disposed, he might have availed himself; and it is therefore the intention of Her Majesty's Government, to advise the Crown to extend to Mr. Smith O'Brien the means of placing himself in the same situation, by an act of clemency on the part of the Crown, in which those other persons have placed themselves by a violation of the pledges which they had given. (Cheers.)

After the utterance of the above by Lord Palmerston, the Irish exiles in this country doubtless will feel the necessity of making some explanations.

The Dress Question Settled at Last—War Averted—Mr. Buchanan not Coming Home.—The following "highly important" intelligence is extracted from the London Advertiser:—

"It gives us much pleasure to be able to state, that the Queen has most graciously intimated to Mr. Buchanan, the American Ambassador, that it will in future be left to his Excellency to appear at state balls and her Majesty's dinner parties, in whatever costume is most agreeable to himself. The Lord Chamberlain has also made a similar communication to his Excellency, relative to his costume on the opening or closing of the sessions of Parliament.

Mr. Buchanan accordingly presented himself at the Queen's levee, in a plain, citizen's dress—and this momentous question is settled, as we prophesied it would be, (as the N. Y. Herald always says,) without Mr. Buchanan's leaving England in disgust, and without war.

We now have only to say to Mr. Mason, at Paris—"Go thou, and do likewise."

Cuba.—The confiscation of a portion of the cargo of the Black Warrior, at Havana, has naturally created a good deal of excitement among certain parties. The thing, as it stands, seems so unjustifiable, that we think it is only fair to Spain to wait and hear what is to be said on her side of the question. Our readers will remember that once or twice before this, things presented quite a different appearance after we had heard from Cuba the facts of the case. There appears to be a set of adventurers especially desirous of getting into a quarrel with the Cuban authorities, and they would willingly forfeit half a dozen cargoes belonging to other people, if they could make it appear in the United States that a flagrant wrong had been committed upon them.

[illegible].—Our opinion of this fact was confirmed, by reading an article from a medical correspondent of the Home Journal, instructing American ladies how to become as plump and fresh as some travellers assert (while others deny) the English ladies are. This medical gentleman's receipt for good looks is as follows:

Formula 1. Rise as nearly as possible after the sun; eat a slice or two of bread or toast, drink a cup of tea or coffee—and then take a ride (either trot or canter) of six miles; or if that be not practicable, a walk long enough to drive the blood through your veins, *but never to fatigue*. It is *all important*, in carrying out this prescription, to be careful *to light and replenish the flame of life within, before any exercise be taken*—that is, something must be placed in the stomach—that high-altar of health—that the thermometer of life may not sink during the stage of exercise, but be kept up to the point of healthy action. If this is not done, exercise of an active kind (especially in those of a delicate organization) will fatigue and depress, and thereby injure the system, instead of merely giving an active impetus to the blood, driving it into every molecule of the body, and sending our fair friend back to a hearty and more substantial meal, with an appetite which enables her to devour a broiled chicken, rolls, bread and toast, with a couple of eggs, and blush not at the havoc made at the breakfast-table. No. 2. Take, at eleven o'clock, a *table-spoonful of cod-liver oil*, followed by a couple of hard-crackers. No. 3. Eat a couple of crackers, and take a walk—*not a sauntér*—but a hearty walk of an hour. No. 4. Take, at dinner, a *half-pint of the best English or Scotch pale ale.* (I cannot say too much regarding the valuable properties of this blood-vivifying, strength-giving, health-producing beverage.) After our fair friend has accustomed herself to the daily use of it, she should *increase the quantity to a pint*; but she should never take it at any other time but at dinner, and be careful to touch nothing else of the kind: let all other beverages be eschewed, except water, and a cup or two of tea in the evening, and coffee for breakfast. No. 5. Take a *table-spoonful of cod-liver oil*, followed by a slice of bread, or a couple of crackers, at the hour of retiring, which, as a rule, should be between ten and eleven o'clock. With a little attention to minor matters, and a strict attention to these rules, modified, as they should be, in some cases, by the advice of the family physician, (whom I take it for granted is a man of sense, and above prescribing medicine for every trifle, or ache, or pain,) our dear sisters and friends, our sweethearts and wives, may hope to attain and retain that roundness and freshness which is so desirable, and, I may add, attractive to those who love not angular lines, but prefer the rounded *ease* of grace and beauty.

If we know a lady friend of ours lived on such a regimen as the above, we should always conceit that she had a smell and look of cod-liver oil and pale ale about her. But what will the Temperance people say to such a prescription? We know that ladies will do almost any thing to improve their looks, but we hope (for the sake of consumptives,) they will not all begin drinking cod-liver oil at once.

The Consolidation Celebration.—This was the greatest "fizzle" of the day. It consisted of three parts—a Ball, an Illumination, and a Banquet. The "Committee" are said to have "laid themselves out" on the first, several of them being entirely used up in the operation—and it is our private opinion, that they will continue "used up" for some time to come. The Ball was famous for its crowd, its disorder, and the utter impossibility of half the assembly getting anything to eat or drink; the Illumination for its unilluminated character; and the Banquet for its long speeches, and the presence of a "gentleman" who was caught appropriating—not the "spoonies," who could have been well spared, but—the spoons.

We are sorry to see that some members of the press have found fault with the "Committee," for passing a resolution that the thirty-seven tickets distributed among the press were to be considered single tickets, and not, like all the other tickets, to admit a gentleman and two ladies. So far from being an indignity, we conceive this to be one of the highest compliments the press ever received. The Committee foresaw—like shrewd men—that ladies would soon wish themselves out of such a crowd, and did not wish to subject the female relatives and acquaintances of the members of the press, to such an unenviable situation. For one, we thank them.

During the whole of these Consolidation celebrations, one word probably has been oftener spoken by the public at large, than any other; it is the very significant and expressive term, Humbug! We chronicle them, therefore, as the last "fizzle" of old Philadelphia. We hope they betoken the expiring flash of that miserably contracted spirit, which always did things by halves—whose prodigality was tinctured with avariciousness, whose enterprise was crippled by a halting and misplaced economy, and even whose generosity was so impaired by a native illiberality, as to seem almost equivalent to insult.

The Tomb of Winthrop.—A friend of ours, we believe a native Bostonian, calls attention to the fact that the tomb of Winthrop, the first Governor of the Province of Massachusetts, is in a somewhat neglected condition. It is in the South-West corner of the King's Chapel Burying Ground, Tremont Street, and was originally covered by a monument which bore the inscription, "This marble covers dust worthy to be enclosed in gold." This monument having become defaced, by accident or design, during the Revolution, it was replaced by the stone now standing, which bears simply the names, offices, and dates of birth and death of the mouldering form below. Our correspondent suggests the erection of a Monument, "worthy of the cherished patriot, and creditable to Boston." We have not much faith in *costly* monuments, as our readers know; but if the tomb of Winthrop is, as our correspondent states, "dilapidated by age," we should think it only proper in our Boston friends, to erect a plain and simple memorial of their first Governor, with an appropriate inscription. An expensive monument generally defeats the very end of its erection, by calling the attention of the beholder from the noble and beautiful character of the man in whose honor it was reared, and concentrating it upon the grandeur or elegance of his tombstone.

A writer says—and, as a general rule, he is right—that "to give alms to an unknown beggar in the street, may appear a humane, or, at least, a harmless act. But traced to its consequences in a vagabond mendicant population, preying upon the property and disturbing the peace of the community, it is a flagrant social offence."

Yes, but until some general and comprehensive system is adopted by the State, relative to this matter, who can avoid giving in cases where he thinks the distress real? What we want is a system of official inquiry, with not only poor-houses, but Houses of Industry, attached. Then let the suffering poor be relieved, and the idle and vicious poor be forced to work, receiving in return a maintenance, and no street beggary or road beggary be allowed. A system of this kind would cost the community probably less than the present no-system. For instance, one boy was found by the police not long since, with some ten dollars in dimes and half dimes, said to be the product of one day's begging. When a whining tale can make such wages, what a premium is offered to lazy vice over honest and industrious virtue. The industrious boy says: "See, I have made fifty cents to-day by working." "Pshaw," says the idler, "I have made one dollar, (or ten dollars, as the case may be,) by begging."

Justice to the Old States.—We are pleased to see that the House of Representatives has shown at last a disposition to do equal justice to the old States of the Union, in the matter of the public lands. Now that railroad grants to the amount of twenty-two million of acres have been passed for the benefit of our western friends, it is fit that the old thirteen should come in for an equal share of the balance. The amendment of Mr. Kerr, of North Carolina, to the grant of public lands in aid of the Minnesota Railroad, provided that the reserved sections should be sold for the benefit of the old States which had not received grants of public lands for internal improvement. This seems to us a perfectly fair proposition. The old States need money for railroads, which railroads are quite as much for the benefit of the west as of the east. Every railroad made from tide water to the borders of the Great West, adds to the value of property in both the Ohio and Mississippi valleys. What would the western roads be worth without eastern ones to connect with?—Really, the beneficial effects of eastern railroads upon the prosperity of the west, is so apparent, that we think the western members ought to cry out with one accord: "Do justice to the old States, for in aiding them to build new avenues of communication, you are benefiting us."

Fox's Enigma.—A correspondent "M," says of this Enigma, which proved such a puzzle to many of our readers:—

It may not be amiss to say that when first published in this country, many years ago, it was attributed to Dr. Stock, a cotemporary of Fox, and a gentleman of high literary attainment, who came here a political refugee. If it can be obtained I will send you an answer in verse, written by a relative for private circulation, when the Enigma first appeared.

"M" thinks that the word Bedfellow is a better answer to the Enigma, than the Human Race.

☞ In the year 1800, there were four hundred and thirteen Quaker meeting-houses in England. There are now but three hundred and seventeen.

Original Letter.

LETTERS FROM MRS. DENISON

NUMBER II.

Looking for Land—First Emotions—Entrance to Barbadoes—Emerald Isle—The town of Bridgetown—Pleasing Attractions—A Ride—Excursion to Hackleton's Cliff—The Old Family Vault—The Negro Cabin and School—The Coffin Under the Roof.

Next to the delight of treading "terra firma" after a sea voyage, is the welcome sound of "land a-head." Then the pulses quicken, languor gives place to pleasing excitement, and one begins to think of the sufferings past as not to be compared with the present joy. It is intense pleasure to behold the changing color of the ocean—a "sea change" indeed "into something new and strange."

Flying-fish beat their tiny wings against the side of the vessel, and beautiful birds, their plumage dazzling white, hovered beyond our mast-head on the morning of our arrival near the Island of Barbadoes.

Wakened from a refreshing "early" nap by the heavy tramping of the sailors overhead, I was surprised to find myself alone. Not a soul was in the cabin—the sun was just dividing dawn from day, as I could tell by one red tinge, that streamed directly through to the solitary state-room of the ocean-buried. Shouts and laughter and snatches of song mingled with our Captain's shrill orders. There was in truth a merry gathering on deck. The old steward passing tea and coffee—the sailors working with a will—this passenger singing, another amusing the company with rifle shooting, and all with glances turned eagerly landward.

There lay Barbadoes on our left—a beautiful island, its swelling lands in the background, rich with the sugar-cane—its lofty palm trees, nodding to the wind—all deeply, gloriously green—and rising like a "thing of beauty" out of the blue ocean. It came nearer to my idea of an "Emerald Isle," studded with fair gems, than any other vision I have ever beheld. Punts and canoes, with various kinds of sail boats, shot in and out among the shipping—some filled with natives whose brown and naked backs glistened in the sun.

Arrived on shore, some hundred persons lined the wharf and streets through which we passed. We were agreeably surprised at the delightful breeze that constantly agitated the atmosphere. It was like June weather in the States—no intense heat—no dry, parched wind—but everywhere salubrious and refreshing. The roads of Barbadoes are unpleasantly dazzling. They are covered with a kind of white marl, that in the sunlight glistens like snow. A noisier or more apparently contented set of Africans, than those of Bridgetown, Barbadoes, I never saw. You may sit at your chamber window and learn their whole details and routine of business, for they do not talk, they scream. It is constant—

"Neighbor, neighbor, how art thee,"—and, "How is neighbor next to thee,"—and, "Tell me your affairs, and I'll tell you mine."

The fruit here was, to our Northern palates, quite delicious, though they call it poor. It is certain we did not stint ourselves, in full sight of oranges, pines, bananas, mangoes and various other delicious fruits.

A drive through Bridgetown in the early morning, before the cane shadows slant along the field, or the sun throws its white glare over the roads, is one of the many pleasant enjoyments that a stranger can experience. Every foot of land is under high cultivation; here the polished cane—there the fields of Guiana corn—patches of peas and ground-vines—gardens of banana, mango and orange trees, with here and there clumps of the tall cocoa-nut—surrounded by hedges of enormous cacti, in full and beautiful bloom. Flowers grow in luxuriant wildness along the roadside—trees, drooping with moss, and covered with gorgeous, crimson blooms, burst upon the sight at every turn—and a species of the banyan, shoots its thousand stems into the soil—of itself, a forest of foliage and shade. Every house or little cottage, fronted by lattice-work, stands in its own garden—and from many a loose shutter is thrust the woolly head and large shining eyes of the genuine African. Sheets of clear water, and gardens of great beauty, rest and refresh the eye. We visited the garrison, over which Her Majesty exercises a careful supervision. The buildings are all substantial, if not handsome—the grounds laid out with great precision, and with regard to effect. Three regiments are at present stationed there—one composed entirely of negroes, who camp in tents, and have a fine, artistic effect when in full uniform. A marble monument that stands erected to one woman and seventeen soldiers, who perished in the last terrible hurricane—which visited the island, I think, in 1831, is one of the "sights."

The last day of our stay in this charming place, we devoted to an excursion to the highest eminence in Barbadoes—Hackleton's Cliff. A ride of two hours, brought us to the height, where we entered a rude building situated on the extreme edge of a precipitous ledge of rock, and from one end of which the glorious view of hill and valley and ocean burst at once upon our vision like a scene of enchantment. Beyond us was "little Scotland," her picturesque hills lying in diversified patches of green, sombre and sprightly—while intervening were valleys and ravines—plantations rich with fruit and cane—white, winding roads—abrupt risings covered with palm and mahogany trees; and afar off—so far that the roar of its surge is never heard—the snowy crests of the ocean rolled in upon the sand, shining with a lustre that is indescribable.

In a walk about the heights we "chanced upon" a negro school. The matron—a polished specimen of easy and intelligent ebony, sat in her little hut surrounded by some of the smallest, blackest, funniest little beings I ever saw. In each tiny hand was a book, and every queer little head seemed bent ever in earnest contemplation. The daughter of the "school-marm" sat near the door, reading from the Testament, and each little black joined the exercise in her turn. It was a strange sight. Within hand's reach grew clusters of limes, lemons and oranges, and rank, glossy foliage screened that lowly hut from the intenser rays of the burning sun.

Looking upward, I saw with surprise a long, white pine coffin resting on beams under the roof.

"That's my father's, misse," said the old lady, observing my look of wonder—"the old man had it made years ago, all ready case he dies—he's well and hearty now, thank God—you'll see him presently."

What a lesson to giddy life taught by this unpolished African. The very act seemed to say—"I'm not afraid to die." It told of simple, earnest, unaffected faith—a trust in religion—a hope in the God of his fathers, such as few, very few acknowledge, or experience.

The old family vault at Hackleton Cliff, is a curiosity. You descend by rude steps cut in the stone into a grey and neglected hollow—filled with weeds, stones and lizards. Who lies under those two iron sealed doors—nobody knows. There is no inscription—and the iron is red with rust. Probably this spot was once highly ornamented with roses, and fragrant shrubs—but nobody honors the poor dust today. They have passed away, and gone entirely from the memory of men—a fitting lesson on the fleeting honors of life, and the "forgotten pride of the grave."

My next will probably be dated at Georgetown, Demerara—and much I long to see and tell of the wonders of my new home.

M. A. D

MOTTO TO AN OLD BOOK.

"May this volume continue in motion,
And its pages each day be unfurled,
Till an ant to its dregs drinks the ocean,
Or a tortoise hath crawl'd round the world."

☞ Two men were conversing about the ill-humor of their wives. "Ah!" said one with a sorrowful expression, "mine is a tartar!"—"Well," replied the other, "mine is worse than all that—mine is the *Cream of Tartar!*"

☞ Requisites for a Nurse.—An individual who wanted a person to take care of his children, advertised for "one whose patience is inexhaustible, whose temper is tireless, whose vigilance is unwaking, whose power of pleasing is boundless, whose industry is matchless, and whose neatness is unparalleled."

☞ Diplomacy.—The art of saying something when you have got nothing to say—as much as it is the art of saying nothing when you have really got something to say.—*Punch.*

☞ An Irishman lost his hat in a well, and was let down in a bucket to recover it; the well being deep, his courage failed him before he reached the water. In vain did he call to those above him—they lent a deaf ear to all he said, till at last, quite in despair, he bellowed out, "Be Saint Patrick, if you don't be after drawing me up, sure I'll *cut the rope!*"

☞ The Empress of France having been recommended by her physicians to exercise, has a pair of skates arranged with wheels, and on them she skims about on the polished floors of the Tuilleries.

☞ There is nothing more frightful than for a teacher to know only what his scholars are intended to know.—*Goethe.*

New Publications.

NEW BOOKS.

Pictorial History of the United States. By J. B. Beach. Published by Leary & Getz, Phila.

Classic and Historic Portraits. By Jas. Bruce. Published by Redfield, New York; and for sale by W. P. Hazard, 178 Chesnut Street, Phila.

The Grinnell Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. A personal narrative, by Elisha Kent Kane, M. D., U. S. N., New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This narrative of Arctic adventure is written by an able hand, and makes such a book as will be perused with delight by multitudes of readers. It revives in our memory the lively pleasure with which in childhood we pored by the hour over the fascinating pages of Franklin and Parry's "Northern Regions." The book is abundantly illustrated, and contains a map of the recent discoveries.

The Working Man's Way in the World. Being the Autobiography of a Journeyman Printer. Redfield: New York. For sale by W. P. Hayner, 178 Chesnut Street.

Written in the diffused style that betrays an unskilful hand at book-making, but containing details of some interest.

Carlington Castle. A tale of the Jesuits. By C. G. H., author of "The Curate of Linwood," "Amy Harrington," "Norman Leslie," &c. New York: Bunce & Brother. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A romantic tale, apparently of much interest.

Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

From Munich to Vienna—Quaint Old Nuremberg, with its Numberless Attractions—A City of Inventions.

Between Munich and Vienna, the most direct communication is the same as it was in the last century. One cannot put on the "seven league boots" of this last generation, and visit the two capitals in the same day. A long and tedious stage ride of two days and two nights, separates these two great capitals of Southern Germany, and though a railway is projected, it promises to advance with true German caution and slowness to its completion. The shortest route between the two cities is the base of a pentagon, not far from equilateral, the remaining four sides of which are formed by railroads, so that the best way to reach one city from the other is to traverse the periphery, or by taking still more time, ride to the Danube, and then tediously descend this stream. If there had been no other cause to determine my route, the greater convenience of the railway would have been sufficient, and, therefore, one cold morning, premonitory of the approaching winter, I booked myself for Nuremburg, my first stopping place on the route.

No one who has a trace of veneration for the monuments of the past, or of regard for the activity of the present, will regret visiting Nuremburg. While Munich is in every feature a creation of the nineteenth century, Nuremburg is as evidently a well preserved specimen of the sixteenth, but a specimen in which the spirit of the nineteenth has found a lodgment and a working place. It has another claim upon our notice For how much of the most unmixed happiness is the world indebted to this city of notions. The "rising generation" of christendom, whether living on the Mississippi, the Danube, or the Amazon, must, once a year, at least, utter a hearty benediction on its beneficent artisans! it is the toy manufactory for the world. The little urchin, who leaves his turkey dinner, and his plum pudding, for a wheel pony or a dancing monkey, for a wooden menagerie or a steamboat, warranted not to burst her boiler; the little blue eyed maiden who loves her new doll, almost as well as her mother loves her, must thank this "quaint old town of art and song" for their treasures. When one comes within her walls, those walls with their grand round towers, the design of her greatest artist, Albert Durer, he is carried back to a double past, the past of his childhood and the past, the bloom of the city itself. Here, on every hand stand evidences of the wealth, the power, the taste of her merchant princes. Her noble churches, specimens of a pure Gothic style, in keeping with a city whose palmy days are in the past, not the future, and the numerous private mansions ornamented with a richness and purity fit for palaces, stand sponsors for the munificence of its citizens. Their preservation in their primitive beauty, or renovated in strict accordance with their original design, bear witness to the taste of their successors, and give to the town a tinge of the olden time that must be pleasant to all, but the most hopeless progressive. If you could forget for a moment that you had come by railway, you might fancy that your business was to sit to Albert Durer for your portrait, or to have your shoes mended by Hans Sachs. But with all this shadow of the past about you, there is nothing gloomy. It is not difficult to believe that the cobbler poet and his compeers had a right jolly time over their mugs of beer, even without pipes; though they knew nothing of boiler burstings, telegraphs, or spiritual knockings.

The two principal churches of Nuremburg gave me an unspeakable pleasure. After coming from the gorgeous temples of Munich, monuments of an art loving monarch, blazing with gold, and dazzling with their brilliant, frescoed walls, it was like stepping from the glorious sunshine into the cool shade of some primeval forest, to stand within these walls, in the shadow of these columns, beneath these gently bending arches, pious imitations by art of what God had revealed to her in Nature. There were pious hearts imbued with a love of art and a love of God in those olden times, expressing themselves in a language that in these days would be foolish babbling. When one looks at the so called Sacrament's Hauschen, in the St. Lawrence Church, really a miracle of art, one cannot help blessing the pious Kraft, who labored unremunerated through long years, amid poverty and destitution upon this time consuming work; to him a test of faith, to us a thing of beauty. This master-piece of the sculptor, the receptacle for the host, in the days when the Church was devoted to Catholic service, is an exquisitely wrought piece of tracery, in the form of a pyramid, resting upon the shoulders of the sculptor and two of his workmen. It clambers aloft, as if it were a living vine, and not a lifeless stone, and near the ceiling gently bends over as if its weight were a trifle too great for the attenuated stem to bear. On the various faces, and at different elevations, the several scenes in the passion of Christ are delineated with a master's power. Nowhere but in Nuremburg, to my knowledge, can one see the wonderful genius of this great but humble master. In every work with which he adorns the city of his home, there is a strength, an accuracy, a finish and a delicacy, rare in his or any other age. When one compares the perfection of his figures, or those of his contemporary, Peter Visscher, with the paintings of Wohlgemuth, or Albert Durer, the latter remind one of the first rude sketches of a child learning to draw.

Nuremburg has a face to the past, for which we hurriers to the future must thank her. She has a face also to the future. Let that not want our recognition. In this fossil of the time of the reformation a busy world has ensconced itself, and stretches forth its hands in every direction to seize the food that comes to him that earns it. Of its toys, I have already intimated. But that is but one branch of its industry. In the article of lead pencils it has a well-earned and unrivalled fame. The "Faber" pencils that are in the hand of every school child, are the product of a Nuremburg workshop. The cheap microscopes, by which so many are introduced into the mysteries of the infinitesimal world, are here made in masses, and indeed, in all the ordinary optical instruments, Nuremburg carries on a brisk trade. In the articles of bronze, the manufacture is not inconsiderable, and in papier mache, I know of no place worthy to be called a rival. In the workshops here, busts and statuettes, mouldings, and fancy work of all kinds are produced, that for sharpness and delicacy stand little behind bronze. The papier mache is of an entirely different kind from that which I described in speaking of the workshops of Birmingham. It is obvious that a material composed of super-posed layers of pasteboard would not be suitable for the preparation of busts, animal figures, flowers, mouldings, &c. The article here used corresponds more nearly with the term papier mache, literally "chewed paper." It is a fine pulp which yields readily to the operator's hand, and hardens into beautiful forms, which his skill imparts to it.

In the permanent exhibition of the productions of Nuremburg, where one for four cents may get a bird's-eye view of the industry of the city, and see the newest specimens from the workshops of all kinds, were articles of this manufacture, which bronzed, would deceive the not very attentive observer into the belief that they were really metal.

There is one work in which the Nuremburg artists excel, which, in the nature of things, must have more honor at home than abroad, their photographic portraits. Daguerreotypes in Europe seem to be prized less than they are in America, and as a cause or a consequence of this, are by no means so fine as those which our artists produce. Photographs, on the other hand, are much more the favorites of the people, and are far superior to any I have seen in the United States. Nuremburg exhibits the art in the greatest perfection. Paris, Berlin and Vienna must all yield the palm to Nuremburg. The variety, excellence, and extent of the manufactures of this city, of which I have given but an incomplete sketch, will convince any one who examines them, that, with all their reverence for the monuments of the past, with all their conservation of their inherited treasures, the inhabitants are no "old fogies." In every period of their history they have shown the same character, an earnest striving after something new. No city in the world has given a greater number of inventions to the world, or been readier to adopt improvements suggested by the example of others.

When you take out your time-piece, thinking it can't be far from dinner time, or to see how much time you have to make up the few hundreds you need before three o'clock, and ask, whence comes this convenient pocket piece? you will probably answer, not from Nuremburg, but from M. I. Tobias or Johnson. True, but its great-grandfather began its everlasting tick—tick—tick in a Nuremburg shop. If you indignantly repudiate any relationship between your elegant gold lever and the rude egg-shaped monster of the fifteenth century, I refer you to Professor Agassiz, who has shown that eggs may undergo very singular transformations. Does the snipe shooter who, at each shot, stops to admire the mechanism that enables him to make the feathers fly so finely, remember that the great, first ancestor of his fowling piece was a much respected citizen of Nuremburg; and he who is aroused from the first good sound sleep of the early night by a feline opera troupe, rehearsing "Diavolo!" to which he introduces a scene not meditated in the programme, by means of a noiseless air-gun, does he, before sinking again into the arms of "tired nature's sweet restorer," give a silent benediction upon the beneficent Nuremburg genius who invented it? Nuremburg can pride herself upon other things than guns and watches. Here was wire-drawing first discovered, brass first manufactured. In a little street in Nuremburg, stands to this day the first observatory erected in Europe. Here, Baheim, a companion of Vasco de Gama, made the first artificial globe. Nuremburg established the first orphan asylum in Europe, and was the first imperial city to declare for the reformation. Here, for the first time in Germany, were streets paved, and here, too, was the first railway in Germany constructed.

A famous old town is Nuremburg! all honor to her past! to her sculptors and artisans! and honor to the honest, industrious, good humored and generous inhabitants that now work within her walls.

C. G.

Miscellaneous.

EPITAPH.

FROM THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLICAN.

On "Charley," a Horse who Died, Universally Lamented, Dec. 25, 1853, Aged 23 Years.

Here lies a faithful steed,
A staunch, uncompromising "Silver Grey,"
Who ran the race of life with sprightly speed,
Yet never ran—away.

Bright were his eyes, yet soft,
And "in the mein" his tail was white and flowing,
And though he never sketched a single draught,
He showed some taste *for drawing.*

His limbs were smooth and clean,
Fitted alike for buggy or for dray;
And, like Napoleon the Great, I ween,
He had a martial neigh!

No light or trifling word,
Nor empty bombast from his lips would swell;
For, save some quiet horse-laugh, chuckling heard,
His tongue was *bridled* well!

Wild oats he never sowed,
Yet masticated tame ones with much zest;
Then, cheerfully, bore each light allotted load—
As cheerfully took rest.

Full oft he lay secure,
Installed within his stall so warm and fair,
Slow-ruminating, dignified, demure,
With such a *stable* air!

With here and there a speck
Of roan, diversifying his white back,
And, martyr-like, a halter round his neck,
Which bound him to the rack!

Mortal he was—at length
The hay-day of his life was damped by death,
So, mustering all his once loud-moving strength
He *drew*—his final breath!

War Feeling in Great Britain.—The young officers seem all glad of a little excitement, and most of those who go are from our highest ranks, many possessing large estates and representing old families, but keen to go. Sir James Ferguson, with immense estates and £12,000 a-year, Sir James Dunlop, the eldest son of Sir Ralph Anstruther, all youths little more than twenty. The Duke of Cambridge is keen to go, and there is quite an eager rivalship among those who hope for a command.

In the Navy there is a similar spirit. Capt. Hope, who is under the care of doctors and very ill, at once broke through all restraint, flew up to London, and got a command, though scarcely expected to live; but he is one of our most brilliant officers, very handsome, very distinguished, and has an estate of £7,000 a-year. He is brother-in-law to Lord Kincaird, and performed some very dashing exploits formerly. But on all sides we hear the most interesting incidents relating to those who are eager to go, especially Lord Cardigan, who is an enthusiastic soldier.—*Letter from Scotland.*

A Mother's Gift.—On the 17th ultimo, says the Palmer, Massachusetts Journal, a chest came ashore at West Falmouth, in which was some valuable clothing and a small tuck Bible, on the fly leaf of which was pasted the following lines:—

"A parent's blessing on her son,
Goes with this holy thing;
The love that would retain the one,
Must to the other cling;
Remember, 'tis no common toy,
A mother's gift—remember, boy!"

A Daguerreotype of a lady, supposed to be the mother of the owner of the chest, was also found. The word "Boston," written with chalk, was upon the chest, which is painted light blue. No name nor any initials were found. What a tale does this Bible tell! It was the gift of a mother to her son, who had left her to encounter the perils of the ocean. Will not the verse found in the Bible convey to that anxious mother the fate of her absent boy—tell her that he has found a grave in the deep, deep sea?

An Odd Speculation.—A gentleman—Mr. Harrington—has revived, in a lecture which he has been delivering, the discussion as to the fate of Sir John Franklin and his expedition, insisting that the compass needle indicates that large quantities of electricity are continually travelling towards the poles; that, being condensed, combustion ensues there; and that they are the two hottest portions of the globe. He maintains that this is indicated by the loud cracking noises heard in those regions, and the aurora borealis, as well as by a current of water from the North. He insists that there must be a temperate climate between the ice-bound quarter and the fire at the pole, and that it is said that animals in the polar regions migrate to the North during the winter. He contends that Sir John Franklin may be in a genial climate, but that without fuel and steam he may be unable to return, on account of a constant wind rushing towards the pole to feed the fire!—*London Times.*

Populating the West.—The settlement of the Western States is generally credited to New England, yet the United States census of 1850 shows conclusively, that the share of New England was but a small one when compared with the part taken by the two great States of Pennsylvania and New York. When the census referred to was taken, there was in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Missouri, 324,916 natives of Pennsylvania, 390,908 natives of New York, and but 180,791 natives of New England, or 716,910 natives of New York and Pennsylvania; to 180,791 natives of New England. The number of Pennsylvanians in Ohio alone, 300,634, exceeded the whole number of New Englanders in the West, while in the State of Michigan there were no less than 133,756 New Yorkers.

☞ A Western paper, speaking of a man who died in the most abject poverty and neglect, said that "he died without the *aid* of a physician."

☞ "I am going to the Post-Office, Bob; shall I inquire for you?" "Well, yes, you may inquire for me if you have a mind to, but I don't think you will find me there!"

Clippings.

EPITAPH ON A CARPENTER.

[illegible]

☞ Servants in Australia.—A young servant girl, previous to going into service, sent [illegible] after ascertaining [illegible] of work there [illegible] "her husband" [illegible] generally useful!"

☞ Boys quarrel about everything. Master Mulloney, the other day, threatened to "cave in" Johnny McCrackin's head, because he (McC.) would not keep his feet out of his (M.'s) mud puddle. How ridiculous! Almost as funny as the dispute which every now and then breaks out between Spain and Portugal.

☞ Queer people for amusement in Greenland. They have a play in which everybody pulls his neighbor's nose; and the harder it is drawn upon, the louder the sufferer is expected to laugh. They sit down to bear's meat, and drink a couple of quarts of grease. For fun and luxury you must walk up North.

☞ A Good Joke.—In the breach of promise case now on trial in San Francisco, California, the mother of the plaintiff, in giving her testimony, stated that she kept a boarding house in Sacramento two years ago; the boarders were members of the Legislature, but whether they were *gentlemen or not she did not know!*

☞ General Meadows being on a reconnoitering party in the Mysore country, a large shot struck the ground at some distance from him, and was passing in such a direction as would have exposed him to danger had he continued on his route. Quick as lightning he stopped his horse, and pulling off his hat as the shot rolled past, good humoredly said, "I beg you to proceed, sir; I never dispute precedence with gentlemen of your family."

☞ The term *cabbage*, by which tailors designate the cribbed pieces of cloth, is said to be derived from an old word, "cabbish," "a wind-fallen wood;" and their "hell," where they store the cabbage, from "helan," to hide.—*Notes and Queries.*

☞ The best board in the world for dyspeptic young ladies, is said to be the washboard. It gives them strength of muscle, and exuberance of spirits, a good appetite for their meals, and supercedes the necessity for painting their faces.

☞ I hate all bungling as I do sin, but particularly bungling in politics, which leads to the misery and ruin of many thousands and millions of people.

☞ When some one in the green-room at Drury Lane Theatre was observing, in Jack Smith's hearing, that an actress—at the moment on the stage,—looked very sulky, and very badly dressed, he replied: "It is easily accounted for; she has had a quarrel with her new dress, *and has not made it up.*"

A TRUE PATRIOT

[illegible]

☞ A Stitch in the Wrong Place.—A clever but eccentric man complained to Sir Davies, in riding, that he had a stitch in his side. "I don't wonder at it," was the reply, "for you ride like a tailor."

☞ The London Times thinks that, among the working classes of London, a [illegible] creeds would hardly do much harm, "because they *could not possibly be made less religious than they are.*"

☞ The editor of the Water-Cure Journal thinks that a "shawl should never be worn by woman or man. It prevents the arms from walking or working, contracts the chest, and makes the wearer 'round-shouldered,' and besides, it is unseemly. Let both men and women wear coats, instead of shawls."

☞ The Czar's Water-Color.—The [illegible] intended to convert the Black Sea into a Russian *lake.*

POSTSCRIPT.

California Steamers.—Sad Occurrence.—The George Law and the Star of the West have arrived at New York, bringing over 600 passengers and nearly $2,000,000 in gold.

The most important feature of the news brought by the Star of the West is the loss [illegible] many a heart [illegible] announcement [illegible] from California [illegible] ed by the [illegible] and lost. [illegible] while the passengers [illegible] steamer. [illegible] greatly over[illegible] and waves, [illegible] parties lost [illegible]

Names of the Lost.—Major Baird has [illegible] the following list of the names of persons [illegible] Virgin Bay.

Mrs. C. Sylvester, English, going to [illegible] ter, to her daughter; had on her person $[illegible] Found.

C. Sylvester, husband of lady. Not found [illegible] sumed to have on his person $4,000.

Daniel McLeod, aged about 30 years. Dover, Me.

David Churchill, Sycamore, De Kalb [illegible] Ill; had on his person $[illegible]; aged about 30 years.

Chas Lyons, Brooklyn, N. Y.

George Seavee, Unity, Maine, aged [illegible] years.

Francis Harris, Hazel Green, Wis. [illegible] person 119; ounces gold, also $[illegible] about 30 years.

Edward Thomas, boy, Dodsville, Wis. $45.20.

John Knight, Dodsville. Not found. [illegible] sumed to have had a large amount of money on person.

Jacob Lewis, N. Y.

Meancey Moore, native of Central America. Drowned in attempting to save others.

Jas. Potter, Wm. Dunn, D. W. Land, T. [illegible] Detroit, Mich.

Old man, Battle Creek, Michigan, perhaps 60 years, small stature, in feeble health, [illegible] the plains to California; was a wheelwright by trade.

Robert Hutchinson, Nevada, Cal.

Isaac Edge, White Oak Springs, Wis. [illegible] person, 110 ounces gold dust, valuables, and [illegible] coin.

David Lewin, [illegible] phia, Pa. [illegible] robbed, as he [illegible]

H. W. Eradley, Branch Co., Mich., aged [illegible] Body and [illegible] coin.

William H. Gardiner, C. Vine, [illegible] O'Leary.

Names of the Saved.—Enclosed is a list of names of the persons who were in the boat swamped at Virgin Bay, and who were saved:

Jas. Fisher and wife, and Timothy Donohoe's child, Mrs. Hersin, Lyman Bradley, Alvin [illegible] John D. Huntington, W. S. Frier, W. Ferris, Drury, Wilson Beardsley, P. Josephs, [illegible] ton, T. Spaulding, J. V. Hager, Geo. March, McMains, W. Miller, D. Betts, Bill, [illegible] F. Schermadan, A. Farris, J. McChristie, [illegible] C. Saunders, John Peterson, Wm. Collins, Bennett, F. Jeffery, S. H. West, S. D. [illegible] H. Kennedy, W. N. Shaw, S. Styner, M. [illegible] W. Totman, P. H. Cattin, W. Planck, A. [illegible] J. H. Hackman, S. F. Dexter, F. Bay, R. [illegible] F. H. Bell, J. Rayner, B. Fogerty, B. F. [illegible] L. Hays, J. Clough, O. R. Cambell.

In less than an hour after the accident [illegible] statoes dead bodies were upon the beach [illegible] dragged ashore by the natives, others were [illegible] with the sea [illegible]. Among the persons found, and so [illegible] of whom in the launch were [illegible] be missing—[illegible] The first body recovered was that of a woman whose clothing was found large sums of [illegible] Her husband was also drowned, who also had thousands of dollars, the weight of which perhaps in causing their deaths. One man [illegible] him an infant life preserver, but beneath [illegible] belt of gold, sufficiently heavy to weigh [illegible] The persons of most of the drowned contained [illegible] or less gold. It was not, therefore [illegible] made them sink.

On the following day, March 3rd, the bodies recovered were buried together by the passengers on shore. The [illegible] Each coffin was carried by four persons, [illegible] ing a lengthy procession, which [illegible] most of the passengers and a crowd of [illegible] It is seldom that a more melancholy [illegible] spectacle is witnessed. An awful [illegible] vaded the procession as it passed through the village and over the hills to the burial.

Here, after impressive and appropriate obsequies, were deposited the remains of [illegible] human beings, who but a day before [illegible] life and health, and hope and joy, returning to [illegible] toilsome exile to their homes, to enjoy [illegible] their labors in [illegible]. The funeral [illegible] mediately after the funeral services were [illegible] the remainder of the passengers sailed [illegible] Brother Jonathan were conveyed to [illegible] and early in the evening she departed.

Seizure of the Black Warrior at Havana.—A telegraphic dispatch from the Captain of the Black Warrior, to the owners in New York, states that the reason assigned by the Cuban authorities for the detention of the steamer, is, that the cargo had not been manifested. The steamer was on her thirty-sixth visit to that port, had the same [illegible] manifest always [illegible] tioned before. [illegible] the cargo confiscated—and were [illegible] ing it.

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.
FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 7th, Mr. Everett said that he was absent on Saturday morning when the final vote was taken on the Nebraska Bill. He was severely indisposed at that time, and, as well known, his health had not been good for some time. He was on that night over fatigued, and was unable to remain till the hour when the vote was taken. There could be no doubt as to how he would have voted, had he been present. He had opposed the bill in Committee—had opposed the last amendment declaring the Missouri Compromise inoperative and void, and had expressed his views in opposition to the bill. There could, therefore, be no doubt but that he would have voted against the bill. He now desired the unanimous consent of the Senate to have his vote recorded against the bill.

Mr. Clayton said he had been desirous to record his vote in favor of the repeal of the 8th section of the Missouri Act—but when heard the Senator from New Hampshire (Mr. Norris) advocating the bill as a triumph over the true non-intervention proposed by his bill of 1848, he determined to vote against the bill. He had remained till a late hour, but was unable to stay till 5 o'clock. He therefore desired to have his name recorded against the passage of the bill.

Mr. Weller said he desired to interpose no obstacle to the request, but he would like to know what had been the general rule in the Senate?

The Chair said that the rule was positive, that no vote could be recorded after the result was announced. It therefore required unanimous consent.

Mr. Dawson said he would not object, but if this precedent was established, the same thing could not be denied hereafter. ...

...

Whole on the State of the Union on the bill granting lands to Minnesota for railroad purposes.

Mr. Cutting gave notice of an amendment proposing that Government shall retain the lands proposed to be granted, and ... thereafter, as twenty miles of the road, ... time, shall be finished. And, on its completion, title to the lands shall be vested in the ... explained the proposition.

Further proceedings took place, when ... ments were made, one striking out the ... the grant is made for facilitating the ... of mails, men, munitions of war, and ... poses," and the other confining the grant ... side the Territory of Minnesota.

Without proceeding further, the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

On the 9th Mr. Dean made an ineffectual attempt to introduce the following:

Resolved, That it be referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, to inquire into the ... recent outrages by Spanish authorities, ... on the property and persons of American ... and report what legislation by Congress ... action of the Government is necessary to ... demnity therefor, and security against ... repetition; and particularly whether our ... laws toward Spain ought to be suspended.

Mr. Kitteredge wished to present ... strance of 3,050 citizens of New Hampshire ... the repeal of the Missouri Compromise.

This was objected to, as the paper ... sented under the rule.

The House then went into Committee ... nesota Land Bill.

Among the amendments made was one ... Mr. Kerr, that the money arising from ... the reserved sections, shall be paid to ... which have received no grants of land ... improvements, according to their federal ... tion in Congress.

The Chairman (Mr. Phelps) overruled ... ment as not being germain to the bill ... sideration; but his decision was not sustained ... Committee, by a vote of 59 against 64.

Mr. Kerr assigned as a motive for ... amendment justice to the old states.

Mr. Dean opposed the amendment, ... cratic party has always held it unconstitutional ... distribute the proceeds of the sales of ... lands among the states from the Treasury ... states were not here asking alms of ... Government—New York asks nothing ... born in that state, and expects always to ... and hoped never to see the day when she ... here asking for money. He wanted to ... public lands for the actual settler.

Mr. Wheeler said he should like to know ... thorized the gentleman to speak for New ... knew his colleague has the Administration ... as well as the Kinderhook district, but ...

...

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

...

General News.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

...

NEWS ITEMS.

Alexander Turnbull, the Scotchman who was begging at the house of Mr. William Wright, South Ninth street, on the Sunday evening previous to the Saturday morning on which the burglary was committed at his dwelling, has been fully committed for trial. Mr. Wright is decided in his testimony that Turnbull was one of the burglars.

THE MCDONOUGH COLONIZATION BEQUEST.—The decision of the Supreme Court, sustaining the McDonough Will, as one of its consequences insures to the American Colonization Society the munificent bequest made to it under the will. This bequest consists of one-eighth part of the net revenue of the estate for forty years, the sum received in any one year not to exceed $25,000. This will be an important aid to the society.

A barrel, marked alcohol, was landed on the wharf of Madison, Ind., on Sunday, which, on rolling, was supposed to contain something else. On opening it, the dead body of a murdered man was found. An investigation is going on.

A boy, seventeen years of age, was shot down in the streets of Cincinnati and robbed, on the 1st inst., in the day time. Robbery seemed to be the only object for the violence. He had but two dollars with him.

EXECUTION.—Thomas Motley and William Blackledge, the two men whose barbarous crime in hunting down and flaying alive a slave, made their case notorious, were hung at Walterboro, South Carolina, on Friday week. A rescue was feared, and a large detachment of soldiers accompanied them to the ground.

PERSONAL SERVICES CANNOT BE ASSIGNED.—A suit has been brought in the New York Superior Court, to test whether personal services could be assigned. Mr. Beale, of London, contracted with Mr. John Wardwell, of New York, to procure the services of Catharine Hayes, to sing for a specified term at concerts. Mr. Wardwell assigned his claims, Miss Hayes refused to sing, and the Court sustains her.

Santa Anna has decreed a navigation act, which embodies some of the principles of free trade and reciprocity. Mexican vessels may import goods from any country at the established rate of duties. Vessels of foreign countries, reciprocating with Mexico, may import their products on the same terms, otherwise they are to pay an additional 50 per cent. both on imports and exports.

The Department of State announces that all persons who may have occasion to address the diplomatic, consular, and other agents of the ...

...

POLITICAL NEWS.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Democratic State Convention renominated Mr. Bigler for Governor on the first ballot. The vote stood—Bigler 128, Thos. S. Bell 5.

Hon. J. S. Black, the present Judge of the Supreme Court, was renominated by acclamation.

The Convention then balloted for a candidate for Canal Commissioner. The first ballot was as follows:—Henry S. Mott, of Pike County, 56; George Scott, of Columbia, 29; scattering, 57. Second ballot—Mott 82; Scott 29; scattering 28. Henry S. Mott was accordingly declared the nominee.

The committee on resolutions was then announced by the Chair, and the Convention took a recess until 6 o'clock, when a series of resolves were reported and adopted. A motion was made to introduce resolutions opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, but it was choked off, and the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

STANDING UP TO THEIR BARGAIN.—The County Court of Monroe County, Mo., has decided that the law of that State prohibiting free colored persons or mulattoes from coming into the State, is unconstitutional, and a violation of the solemn compact entered into by Missouri, in order to be admitted as a State of the American Confederacy.

THE VOTE IN THE SENATE.—Senators Everett and Clayton, of Del., would have voted against the Nebraska Bill if they had been present, and Mr. Pearce, of Md., for it. Mr. Clayton spoke warmly in favor of the bill, especially as repealing the Missouri Compromise, but gave some reason connected with the speech of Mr. Norris, of N. H., why he would have voted against it.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The House of Representatives rejected the bill to repeal the liquor law, by a vote of 190 against 80.

Judge Shaw, of the Supreme Court, has decided that the sections of the Liquor Bill, authorizing the seizure and destruction of liquor, are unconstitutional. This takes the vitality from the bill.

The municipal election in Salem on Tuesday week, resulted in a complete overturn of the established order of things. The "Citizens' ticket," supported by the organization of Native Americans called the "Know Nothings," carried the day. The whole vote for Mayor was 1,828. Asahel Huntington, the regularly nominated candidate, received 484; George L. Newcomb, whose name was borne on the "Citizens' ticket," had 1,344. Mr. Newcomb was elected by a plurality of 860. ...

...

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The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, March 11, 1854.

REMARKS—There has been a moderate amount of business doing during the past week, but on Thursday wharf operations were suspended, in consequence of the rain. Cotton has been in fair request and prices have slightly improved. Breadstuffs were exceedingly dull early in the week, but since the receipt of the Alps's and the Atlantic's advices, prices of all descriptions have been firmer, and there has been more inquiry. Bark is generally held above the views of buyers. Coal has been in good request, and supplies will soon commence coming forward by canal. In Coffee, Sugar and Molasses there has been more activity, and prices are well maintained. Fish are rather higher. In Hides there has been nothing doing, and there is no stock here to operate in. The Iron market is firm, and there is a good demand for future delivery.—Lead is scarce. In Naval Stores and Oils there has been a steady business doing, without change in prices. Provisions have been very quiet. The supplies are increasing. Rice is lower. Salt is dull. Cloverseed has again declined. In Tobacco no change. Wool is quiet. Freights are firmer.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour during the past week have been light. The market was excessively dull and inactive early in the week, and prices are in favor of buyers, but since the ...

...

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ROSS, CAMBLOS & CO., STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKERS.

No. 36 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

...

ALMANAC.

...

Marriages.

...

Deaths.

...

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY J. CRAVEN & CO., BROKERS, ...

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The number for this week is now ready, and contains among the Music: 1st. "That strain of Music," a Glee arranged from Beethoven; 2d. "Wind! Oh, Wind!" a Glee; 3d. "It is the Saviour's Voice," a Sacred Song; 4th. "I have seen the Wicked in Great Power," a Motett, arranged from Greil. The reading matter is unusually attractive, valuable and entertaining. In short, it is a model number of a model paper, and is alone worth nearly the price of a whole year's subscription. Now is the time to subscribe, as a few complete sets from the commencement of the volume are still on hand. Terms—$1 a year, in advance; six copies for $5. Everybody interested in Music is invited to get up clubs and forward subscriptions. Address,

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WALTER W. McCALL.

ASHTABULA, O., March 3d, 1854.

Messrs. Ward,

Enclosed is $12, I am happy to say after 15 years experience in cutting, I find myself altogether better satisfied with your System of Garment Cutting than any other that I have ever used. (I have tried almost everything else.) It was by accident that I was led to try your System, and I consider it one of the best accidents that ever befel me.

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Reference—P. T. BARNUM, Esq., President of the National Poultry Society. mh18-6t

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Selected Poetry.

TYRE.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

The wild and stately meeting is lit with lurid fire!
The thronging sons of ocean bend on the banks of Tyre—
Beside the fire in conference and round the loaded mast,
And both on many various tongue the orders thunder past;
Where, on the ships of Tarshish, the mighty ships of Tyre!

Within the trading harbor, clothed with breeding sand,
Are galleys being their fighting-men, and ships their merchant band,
And lofty princelets feast, whose curious gales know not
Her colonnades of granite by shattered and silver thrones;
And from the roof of the palaces no longer flags the royal Tyrian hand from Tarshish the mighty ships of Tyre!

Where is thy zeal of empire, once mighty on the waves?
Then fleet thyself exalted, till kings became thy slaves?
Or the other gods to nations, and now thy self alone?
Where hast made them joyful, whose anger now is stirred—
Who hurls thy deep foundations, and sends the billows down?
And answer, under the waters: shall it not rise unless?

Where is the wealth of ages, that heaped thy princely store?
The pomp of purple trappings; the gems of Syrian art;
The silken gusts of Ecdor; Sabra's spicy stores;
The tribute of the islands thy numberless homestead bores.

What is thy guise triumphant, they entered forth from the sea,
With sounds of horn and anthem, of harp and timbrel and flute?
How, how, ye ships of Tarshish! the glory is and mute!
There is no inhabitant: the mariners are silenced.
No mariners of Sidon mailed your mighty sails;
No workmen fell the fir-trees that grow in Senir's valley,
And Reuben's oaks that bounded a thousand years of sun,
Or how the music of your harps in frosty Labanon.

Rise, then forgotten harlot! take up thy lute and sing!
Call the rebellious islands to own their ancient king!
Save to the spray thy bosom, and with thy lute accompanied
Sit on the piles of ruin, then threnodize and dole—
Then mix thy voice at waking with the thunders of the sea,
And sing thy songs of sorrow, that thou remembered be!

Though silent and forgotten, yet Nature will
The pomp and power departed, the lost magnificence!
The hills were proud to see thee, and they see and shake not now!
The sea was proud to bear thee, and wears a mourning for thee now!
And sometimes the verge chant forth their own desire—
"Where are the ships of Tarshish, the mighty ships of Tyre?"

Graham's Magazine.

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES BY FANNY FERN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Andrew B. Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

SOTHAM SCRIBBLINGS.

No. 5.

Baroum's Poultry Show

Behold my cave! Did you expect Noah had to put up with such a cackling and crowing as this, in his ark? I trust cab-passengers are cheap, for I stand a chance of becoming as deaf as a boatswood when his wife asks him for money.

I have always hated a rooster: a hotbed from his perch, before daylight, he shrills, spitefully, and unmercifully, recalled me from your downy to stupid realities, or when strolling at the head of his hanging-looking seraglio of hens, he stood perched on the fence, gazing back at the much procession with as air that said, as plain as learning crows and tail feathers could say it—"Sir a fact of your date, till I gave you the signal"—at which demonstration I looked for assembly about for a big stone, to hurl at the nonsense out of him!

Have to, what a crowd! There are more ostrich here than patchouli, more worsted wrapper than Broadway neck-ties, and more bragging than patent leather. Most of the venders gaze at the poodles through bare yard spectacles. For myself I don't care an egg snuff, whether that old "Shanghai" knew her grandfather was or not, or whether those "Dorkings" were ever imprisoned outside to be their resting-offices corn from their native roost; but I do believe that Yankee ingenuity made be improved, and the first observation mine take, is, that those gentlemen fowls seem to have reversed the order of things here in New York, being very superior in point of beauty to the feminines. Of course they know it. Are they not strut! There never was a masculine yet whom you could enlighten on such a point.

Now, were I a hen, which thank the parish register, I am not; I would cross my claws, and succeed in the last Pandemic with its arrested interest of black and white feathers, be it on the right side of the fence, but—cause the both black and white, and those his colors like a brave true-soldier. Yes, were I a hen. I'd certainly shun this monumental humbug.

Oh, you pretty little "cartier dorcas"! I could find a use for you. Do you ever tapping at the wrong window, you little mice-fabric? Have you learned the secret of rearing above the heads of your enemies? Are you ingenuous to be bribes, in the shape of food?

There's no Eagle, fierce as a Hamp-dar. Bird of Jove! that you should stay caged in the tantalizing vicinity of those fat little bantams! Try the sentiment of your pinions, grim old fellow; call to mind Isaiah, turn your back on Barnum, and state the sun out of countenance!

Observe with what aristocratic nonchalance those unique-looking Bantams walk about with the fine ruffs of feathers about their dignified Elizabethan throats. I am not at all sure that I should have intruded into their regal presence, without being heralded by a court page.

Are you not the most pompous lords of creation? Harrah for "Aztecchs" turning! Flaunt at ladies deep, and the animals in the hall green, comfortable looking Landry's Bantam, may your shanking be perpetual; you paced till the ground shakes. Figs, for! petite white and fussy! $200 a pair! pshaw! and such pretty little gaiter boots to be had in Broadway! Something tells me you've had your pair over at her Jewish resolution. Faggin the sale! long cord and shorter-tail, shaggy and shaken, bob-tailed, ear-tasted—and to be re-tailed! Damsel barrier and underbred-tailed. Ho! to exaggerated pens, pens with a superfluity of long evenings. re-for! turn backbone more of stiffish and less of attitudes to those yelping applicants for your roosting offerings, and "down with the dust."

"Silly for sale, or Exit. Fare thee well, my hope! The gods send your cuff, dark eyes an appreciative purchaser. I look into their hazel-like depths, and invoke for you the fate of, forest-fearless lave, the silver lake, in which your grandsire drowned his unhappy self, a stomp to drink, the holy stands of fresh weak leaves in the rustling room; tide, boat, and wandering ego-soul entering hatred or home might young creature, to where the earth is one glad anthem, and where sweet young life (like yours) is innocent and pure.

A most pretentious peacock! Entering your goodly domain we are met by this gaudy bird, that beautiful "Golden Pheasant," on whose plump little body, (such a pity) there is not an ounce light longer or lovingly. See the silky tail of these form 2 golden feathers about his arching neck. Glorious phenomena! the possession of this thing of beauty is a joy forever!" Make your home with me, and feast on pea-weed grass. Sit before me when the sunlight of happiness is clouded to, and the gay leaden clouds of sorrow crowned my head, and I'll look upon thee, lay your soft neck to my cheek, bring me visions of a happier shore where love is written on the rainbow's arch, heard in the silver-dripping stream, seen in the blossom-laden bough and brushed blade, quivering under the weight of dewy gems, ignored by the quiet skies, whose ever-soothing listening is unmarred by the discord of envy, hate, or soul-blasting unchristian-indolence. Beautiful pheasant, mine, long thoughts of beauty and peace to be!

—Loving Jenny Lind smiles upon us from republic shores! Would that we might have her little little Swedish chick on pony! Not a cent-queen needs the mother-bird for the image of the Old World or Here. The other stepping of little little's joyous heads, draws all the ragtag, bobtails, rabble, around to see, and down the street. See, apple in fists, dear Jenny, to a true woman's heart. Happier is her lap by hand by hand would up Otis's little croak.

FANNY FERN.

Selected Articles.

RANDOM NOTES ON BEARDS.

It has been calculated by a curious investigator, Wilfod, that the hair of the beard grows at the rate of one line and a half in the week. This will give a length of six inches and a half in the course of a year, and for a man of eighty years of age, twenty-seven feet, which have fallen from the edge of the razor. Such an amount of growth appears to newbies remarkable, when we learn from Hair, that, in the Church's time at Edam, there is a full-length pulsating of a carpenter, whose beard was nine feet long, at which, engaged at work he was obliged to carry it in a bag.

The hairs of different regions of the body of the same individual present some degree of variety of dimensions. In the following table, the diameter of the hair of the head is given in the first line as a standard of comparison:

	Mm. Block.
Head	1-500 of an inch
Beard	1-333 "
Moustache	1-400 "
Eyebrows	1-1000 "
Eyelashes	1-1000 "

The ancient Romans suffered their beards to grow till about the year of the city 454, when one P. Tonsius Rufus brought barbers into Sicily, and first introduced the custom of shaving it at Rome, which continued to the time of Hadrian, who, in never more contemptible on his chin, revived the custom of letting the beard grow; but that flattering was soon after renounced.

The day on which the young men first began to shave was held as a holiday according to Suetonius, and presents were sent to them by their friends. The first growth of beard was consecrated to some god,—thus, Nero consecrated his, in a golden box set with pearls, to Jupiter Capitolinus.

In grief and mourning the Romans allowed the beard to grow: sometimes they tore it, and covered it with dust and ashes. The Greeks, on the contrary, in grief shaved their beard. Among the Jews it was reckoned opprobrious to shave a person's beard.

The Turks are accustomed sometimes to clip his beard, and sometimes to shave it. Some used to pull the hairs from the root with an instrument very similar to our pincers or tweezers. Others, scissors, to turn them out with the fingers of the left hand, as the tyrant Mezentius did, with what effects. Some used a certain ointment as a depilatory.

Among the Greek thought that the beards of the soldiery afforded convenient handles for the enemy to lay hold of, preparatory to cutting of that head; and, with a view of depriving them of this advantage, he ordered the whole of his men to be closely shaven.

The fashion of wearing long beards became prevalent during the reign of Henry I.; it was actively regulated by the clergy. Some of the monkish compared the men of their day to Turks and Saracens. The Abbot of Croxton, de Lion, his English subjects shaved their faces. William Fitz-Osbert, or Long-Beard, the great champion of that day, re-introduced, among the people who clustered in he of Saxon origin, the fashion of long beards. In John's reign, beards and moustaches were worn of not as fancy dictated.

During the reign of Edward II., beards were sometimes worn by persons in years, by great ecclesiastics at the head by Knights Templars. That the practice was not general, is shown by the following anecdote:—Peter Aigre, valet to the king, on his return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, obtained letters of safe conduct from his majesty, because, having vowed not to shave his beard, he was afraid he should be taken for a Knight Templar, and consequently included in the cruel persecution and suppression of that renowned order having commenced at this period.

Edward III. is represented upon his tomb at Westminster with a beard which would have been considered enormous.

When Chaucer lived, the beard was forked, the hair cut, moustaches, if knightly effigies, in long, and drooping on each side of the mouth over the round.

Henry VIII. wore and much worn in the reign of Henry V. Moustaches, also, were only permitted to be worn by persons of rank, and the whole of the fifteenth century is a closely shorn chin.

Henry VI. in Arcadia—in his account of the reign of Henry VIII., under—says:—"The 5th of May the King commanded all his subjects that were come to pull them down, and, as gave them example, he caused his own head to be pulled, and then proceeded his beard to be plucked, and so more shaven."

The reader will easily call to recollection the portraits of Holbein, Marquis of Winchester, Cardinal Pole, and Bishop Gardiner, all ornamented with flowing beards, in the reign of the first Mary.

The commentators on Shakspeare show that the fashion of wearing the beard in different cut were appropriated to various characters and professions. The soldier had one fashion, the judge another, the bishop differed from both. Malone has quoted an old ballad, inserted in a collection published in Oxford in 1585, on the nature of those forms are described and appropriated.

The beard now gradually declined; and the court of Charles I. was the last in which even a single beard was considered. After the restoration of Charles II., moustaches or whiskers continued to be worn by persons of rank, but, in a short time the process of shaving the entire face became universal.

Peter the Great, on his visits to the Swiss who visited London in 1717—when David, not Saul, was king—reported to Jean, the valet of King Edward—and stuck upon the chopboard of St. Peter, Stangate. It ran as follows:

Long beards bestrew
Fairest lands without
Any fruit or profit
Make England thrifteless.

Erasmus the elder quotes an author who, in the Historia Ecclesiastica, says that "the use of beards is a barbarous opinion at that time, which in opinion in the Scythians and Germans." The time he employs in adjusting, dressing and cutting them, is so time lost. Besides, he considers that it is unbecoming for monks his mind will cherish, and he animated by meekness and a complete subjection."

When the Emperor Charles V. ascended the throne of Spain he had an beard. It was not long, however, before he had one, which was the unanimated by the example of his master, who always surrounded a monarch could possess took more visible than their master. Immediately all the courtiers appeared bearded with the exception of such low grace-ful men as could not produce hair enough to be worth cherishing, and were consequently considered as beardless. Their laughed. Every one was ridiculed with the epithet of "Lampiño" (beardless), and he who could not produce a robust moustache was considered as a mere child. Nothing was more common than to hear a father say to his son, "Get you gone, you have not yet begun to shave."

The Persian Doctor and the Glass Bottle.

A few years ago, at Ispahan, one of the principal cities of Persia, some Englishmen presented a score of experiments before the Shah's medical council. Every one was delighted with the wonderful results which the English physicians and lecturer of the college, who, envious of the popularity gained by the display of superior science, confronted publicly, that those experiments produced were moral, but physical—that it was the unanimated by the example of his master, the state of nervous agitation they excited, which produced an ideal result. He read an essay on the subject, in which he said that the true manner of mind would stand corrected by all the electrical, galvanic, and all the rest of the gizzo bottle, as he sonifically termed the machine. He was invited to repeat the experiments before the court, and did so with still greater success, and though they were nearly victor would be lunched with the Shah, and Dr. Brown-Sequard, and Dr. Francis Bacon—We have no longer such men we have but one beards.

And the year 1705, the Russians had been famous for their length of beard. But, at that time, Peter the Great issued a decree ordering that not only the army, but all ranks of citizens, from the nobles to the serfs, should shave on pain of severe punishment. Many people might get over the first threats of their sovereign, but when he added that he meant to retain his beard was to pay a tax of one hundred roubles. The priests and the serfs were the only persons who kept their beards, and the former gained of a capitals every time they appeared in the streets.

Good discretion arose from this law; but all people thought it wisest to cut off their beards, and to pay the tax. Those who refused to do so would make no scruple of cutting off their beards For many years a very considerable revenue was derived from this source. The collectors gave, in exchange for its payment, a copper coin stamp expressly for the purpose, and called "the hundred." On one side it bore the figure of a nose, mouth and moustache, and a beard, and on the reverse, a man's head, "Money reconciled," the whole encircled by a wreath, and stamped with the Slavic word of Russia. On the reverse, it bore the date of the year. Every man who chose to wear his beard was obliged to carry this receipt on his every time a town. Those who were refractory, and refused to pay the tax, were thrown into prison.

During a temporary triumph gained by the Dutch soldiers over the citizens of Louvain, in October, 1840, it became a standing joke against the partisans that they shaved their beards immediately; and the sale of the latest news assorted that they had gathered mustaches enough from the discarded tips of the Belgians to stuff mattresses for all the sick and wounded in both hospitals!!!

In the German newspapers of August, 1851, appeared an ordinance, signed by the King of Bavaria, prohibiting, under any pretext whatsoever, to wear mustaches, and commanding the police, and other authorities, to arrest, and cause to be shaved, the offending parties. "Strange to say," adds Le Nord, the journal from which this account is taken, "it occasions disapproval immediately. His leaves from the whole Bavarian army; everybody hates to obey the royal order, and not one person was arrested."

"Benjamin Silsby," says Dr. Franklin, "is professed and an ornament to his profession. He is a barber, and has a shop in Market-street, Chicago that occurs every day. Thus, if you touch a poor young man to shave himself, and keep his razor in order, you may consider him as the beggiest of his life than in giving him a thousand guineas. This may seem a paradox, but the regret only remaining of having foolishly consumed it; but, in the other case, he escapes the remembrance of a worse than idle life, and of their sometimes dirty fingers, offensive breaths, and doubt of his success, which breed uneasiness in him, and engage daily the practice of his being done with it and incitement."

A modern medical writer, says:—"Aside from its utility in a medical point of view, we feel convinced that a luxuriant and flowing beard adds to the grace and dignity of a man. As a rule, young men have been given to the fault of delicacy and feminine tenderness which is so appropriate to her sphere, as to make the beard appear to the male the only dignity and crowning of aspect which is an trail adapted to him. She is to keep the fingernail of a lady's child. We are aware of the delicate ground on which we tread when attempting to interfere with any prevailing mode, and we expect that every unconsecrated and manly-hearted individual will sustain us in the position we have taken; but we shall persevere in our endeavors to introduce a more clear institution, physically, as well as morally, of the wise and holy particulars of old."

Had due consideration—as necessary to the real importance of the subject—we have come to the semi-decision of Dr. Winslow Hervey, Regent of the College at Oldham, in the year 1848, printed three discourses on the beard. In the first of these, Dr. Hervey, after, he thinks, a learned